BRITISH MUSEUM
ESTABD

JOHN BULL

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(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.)

No. 316915

For meaning of this No. see Page 11. of cover

LOOK OUT FOR MRS. BULL ON OCTOBER 25TH.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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SECONDHAND FURNITURE.

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The BED-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Iron bedsteads from 9s. black and brass bedsteads from 10s.; full-size black and brass bedstead 11s.; 4ft. 6in. oak bedstead, with wire mattress, 30s.; 5 oak bedsteads, 14s. 6d.; very fine pair brass twin bedsteads, £6 10s.; large-size mahogany bedstead, inlaid, with wire mattress, £3 10s.; all-brass bedstead, full size, £2 7s. 6d.; pair mahogany twin bedsteads, fitted with wire mattresses, £2 19s. 6d.; pair all-brass Italian bedsteads, £6 10s.; a square-tube all-brass Italian bedstead, £8 8s.; and several others up to 20 guineas; several white-enamelled bed-room suites, from £4 5s.; oak bed-room suites, £5 10s.; three solid oak bed-room suites, with side cheval glasses to dressing-table, £5 5s. each; satin-walnut bed-room suite, with cheval wings to dressing-table, £6 10s.; a walnut bed-room suite, £7 5s.; an inlaid Sheraton-design bed-room suite, £7 10s.; a similar suite, £10 10s.; 4ft. 6in. inlaid Sheraton-design bed-room suite, £11 11s.; 5 ft. inlaid Sheraton-design bed-room suite, £18 18s.; 5ft. mahogany bed-room suite, £19 19s.; 6ft. Sheraton-design bed-room suite, 24 guineas; 6ft. mahogany bed-room suite, 27 guineas; 7ft. inlaid suite, 40 guineas; 7ft. Louis bed-room suite, most exquisite design, 80 guineas; inlaid Sheraton-design chests, from £2 2s. each.

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The DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Very fine drawing-room suite, £2 10s.; another elaborate drawing-room suite, £5 15s.; satinwood drawing-room suite, £6 10s.; Sheraton design drawing-room suite, £7 10s.; most elegant French design drawing-room suite, Louis XIV., upholstered in French tapestry, £19 19s.; Chesterfield drawing-room suite, most exquisite design, £17 17s.; set of Dutch marqueterie inlaid chairs, £14 14s.; most elegant Vernis Martin cabinet, £18 18s.; another one, £10 10s.; buhl cabinet, £12 12s.; table en suite, £8 8s.; large Chesterfield, upholstered in silk, £6 6s.; two Chesterfields, £2 10s. each: Chippendale occasional tables from 10s. 6d.; Sheraton design cabinet, £2 10s.; Chippendale design cabinet, £5 10s.; two white enamelled overmantels, 18s. 6d. each; elegant piano, £7 10s.; an upright grand piano, mahogany case, nearly new with iron frame, £12 12s.; grand pianos, by Steinway, Bechstein, Bluthner, Collard and Collard, &c.,; about 50 reversible carpets from 7s.; tapestry carpets, with border, from 14s. 6d.; also some elegant Brussels carpets, Axminster carpets, &c., from 18s. 6d. each; Mirzapore, Turkey, and Oriental carpets and rugs to match, from £2 10s. each; about 10 very large Axminster-Wilton carpets from £5 5s. (worth considerably more). Great quantity of Hall Furniture. Also about six roll-top desks, from £4 7s. 6d. each; also quantity of Library and Office Furniture, about 20 vols. of books, large quantity of electro-plate, china, glass, cutlery kitchen utensils, lace curtains, bed and table linen, &c. Country buyers should call and inspect these goods. All goods delivered, town or country, free of charge, or can remain stored free for 12 months. All goods can be seen where they are now lying, for the convenience of sale, any day, from nine till nine, except Saturday, when we close at seven, at

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Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date, bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of July 23rd, August 13th and 20th:—

J. J. Watson, 44, Synge Street, South Circular Road, Dublin. (No. 165,195.—August 13th.)

F. W. Cole, Newtown, Llantwit, Pontypridd, Glam. (No. 3,748.—August 20th.)

P. R. Morgan, 59, Queenswood Road, Forest Hill, S.E. (No. 463,278.—August 20th.)

H. Anderson, Spring Road, Waterford, Lymington, Hants. (No. 147,630.—August 20th.)

F. J. Saunders, 203, Kensington Terrace, Swansea. (No. 112,139.—July 23rd.)

R. Hill, 5, Chalet Suisse, Oxford Road, St. Helier's, Jersey. (No. 170,382.—August 13th.)

F. Martin, 26, College Gardens, Kemp Town, Brighton. (No. 483,551.—August 20th.)

J. S. Cundall, New Schools, Prestobeg, near Manchester. (No. 389,929.—August 20th.)

J. W. Egerton, 13, Byron Street, Poplar, E. (No. 447,134.—August 20th.)

H. White, 1, Ivanhoe Road, Denmark Park, S.E. (No. 276,971.—August 20th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of SEPTEMBER 3RD:—

429	110375	204011	320490	455157
906	116476	205003	331315	475991
4355	121453	220491	336245	503198
7614	125504	232721	352764	504507
14394	131568	238103	375950	518548
14770	148023	241220	379859	532754
28987	161505	251760	412009	548794
32714	179286	262066	421953	562588
47993	187482	270175	432258	587978
89854	192131	307800	439528	596277

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 29TH (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 27TH).

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. IX. No. 226. Saturday, October 1st, 1910. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.

All editorial enquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All applications for advertising spaces to be made to Messrs. Odhams Ltd.; Advertising Dept., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

DALY'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Mr. George Edwardes' production, THE DOLLAR PRINCESS, a musical play. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. H. W. Anderson) 10 to 10.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
Every Evening, at 8, a Musical Play:
OUR MISS GIBBS. Matinee every Saturday at 2.

THE PLAYHOUSE, Charing Cross. CYRIL MAUDE
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. TANTALIZING TOMMY.
CYRIL MAUDE and MARIE LOHR. Matinee Weds. and Sats. at 2.30.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Things will soon wake up now. "Winston" and "F. E." are back. Wonderful what close friends they are!

We have been wondering who counted that million and a half of Land Valuation forms which Mr. Lloyd George told the recent Conference had already been returned. A cautious Minister should always check the statements of his subordinates.

What about that other Conference, by the way? Isn't it about time it got to work again?

Lord Kitchener's visit to the King at Balmoral terminated on Monday morning of last week, and, *in the evening*, Mr. Haldane arrived! A mere coincidence.

Ramsay Macdonald's assertion that the Osborne judgment does not concern the Socialists, and that it is the Trades Unionists alone who will suffer, is illuminating. We did not know that it was so easy to earn a living as a Socialist.

Somebody has been writing a book about the late King of the Belgians, and this is how that monarch's character is summed up—"A good king; a bad father, and an unfaithful husband." That author must be a strong Republican!

"Have you heard," asks an anonymous Newport correspondent, under date September 16th, "of the slating the Rev. Griffiths, of St. Wooles Church, Newport, gave you and your paper on Sunday last? His sermon was on your paper and its title and yourself." The answer is in the negative. Wonderful how slowly news travels!

Artful old Sarah! She says she has come down to our music-hall stage because she "wished the British public to see what is undoubtedly one of the best works of the famous French poet, Rostand." 'M-yes. But a London music-hall audience did not even understand Mlle. Polaire. And she can dance.

We are glad to note that our hint has been taken, and that extensive precautions are being adopted at the restored British section of the Brussels Exhibition. But why were such precautions neglected originally?

In another column we say a few words on the appointment of Mr. Horace Avory to one of the vacant judgeships. Here, we gladly congratulate Mr. Eldon Bankes upon his promotion. He should make an ideal judge. We must be careful of Contempt of Court, but when we think of these two appointments we are forcibly reminded of one of Landseer's best-known pictures.

An enormous sum of money will be spent next year on taking a census. We are just a little dubious of its utility. Indeed, we are not sure that a total abolition of all statistics might not be a relief.

The *Natal Mercury* sets us an example of meticulous accuracy when it announces that "Sir George White was 75 on Wednesday after the mail left." We hope our contemporary took account of the difference between Durban and Greenwich time.

A reader tells us that at a recent chapel service the minister rebuked men for wishing to fly. "God never intended them to, or He would have given them wings." And we suppose He never intended them to swim, or He would have given them fins!

Here is a literary gem from the *St. Mary's* (Southampton) *Parish Magazine*:—

> ST. GEORGE'S DISTRICT, HOUNDWELL.
>
> The Curate-in-Charge has returned from a most enjoyable holiday. He has been fortunate enough to spend several days together without once getting dry, and has climbed quite a number of mountains that he has never seen.

Pity that such a witty writer should waste his genius in this way! What would be his terms for a weekly column?

What is the truth about that accident to "a well-known Derbyshire gentleman," who recently fell from a railway carriage, near Wirksworth, and who explains the fact that the door was found to be fastened by supposing that he must have overbalanced himself when looking out of the window? Could he, in an absent-minded moment, have stepped out on to the footboard? We must send our Special Commissioner down to investigate.

Mrs. Bull, Tuesday, October 25th. No room for another paper? Wait and see!

We wonder how long the French will stand the awful state of their railway lines and rolling stock? Anyone who has travelled about their country must have realised the supreme discomfort of being rocked and shaken for hours in badly-lighted and badly-ventilated cars. On the journey down to the Riviera it is not unusual to see nearly half the passengers prostrated by train-sickness. Perhaps the recent accidents will do some good in waking up public opinion.

The denials of a Turkish-Roumanian treaty are very likely correct, for such a treaty is unnecessary. The Roumanians would certainly help the Turks in the event of aggression by Bulgaria, for the erection of a big Bulgaria would eventually rob Roumania of influence if not of territory. But the wiseacres who lay down the law about foreign affairs in the Press, are mistaken in regarding Roumania as a vassal of the Triple Alliance. Of course Hohenzollern influence is very strong at Bucharest, but Austria is not liked there any more than she is elsewhere. The Hungarians persecute the large Roumanian population of Transylvania, and that province must one day be annexed by the little Kingdom which has proved itself to be the model State of the Near East.

Judges, coroners, and even the Jockey Club, are making up their minds that the man with the camera is a nuisance. He disconcerts witnesses, pillories the innocent and the bashful, ministers only to a morbid curiosity. In this connection, it is amusing to read the pronouncements of a press photographer, who has been delivering himself of a lecture at the Guildhall. He seems to have shrunk from no mean trick in the exercise of his calling. At Toulon he imposed upon a credulous sentinel, by exhibiting a demand for income-tax and pretending that it was an official permit. The fact that he might have got the unfortunate soldier into serious trouble does not seem to have disturbed him one little bit.

The demon revels in misfortunes and catastrophes so long as they bring grist to his mill. He rejoices when a channel steamer goes ashore. He sheds bitter tears because he is not present when an air-ship, "full of frightened passengers," is blown about by a gale. When he went to see Mayor Gaynor off, he only expected a snap-shot of a handshake with the captain. But "as it was, the question of luck again came in, and Mayor Gaynor was shot." We can almost hear the Hurrah! under the pressman's breath. What a ghoul!

Finally, the Countess Tarnovska's judge is held up to admiration and emulation because he ordered the blinds of the Court to be drawn up for the benefit of the press photographer. At this rate, it will soon be idle for M'Lud to think of protesting that "this is not a theatre."

The Swiss are an exasperating people. It appears that they have some silly festival, doubtless to commemorate William Tell or some legendary exploit, and, like our own Sabbatarians, they allow on the anniversary no manner of pleasure, either to their own people or even to the stranger within their gates. Consequently, when an intrepid airman was about to start on a sporting flight across the Alps, he was threatened with arrest and confiscation of his aeroplane, and fussy little policemen were stationed outside his shed to obstruct his movements. The result was that he missed a favourable opportunity and was driven back by whirlwinds when at last he was allowed to start. What good can this curmudgeonly behaviour do to anybody?

A week or two ago a Snitterton postman—Snitterton is near Matlock—found in the roadway a canvas bag containing £1 in gold and a cheque for £89 payable to a Mr. W. Mountney, of Snitterton. He at once took the bag and contents to the owner, who was not then aware of his loss, and received as a reward the sum of sixpence, cash down. Amazed at this unsubstantial recognition of services rendered, a reader in those parts is seriously concerned to know whether honesty is really the best policy. No doubt of it. If the postman had appropriated the sovereign and tried to realise on the cheque by forgery, he would have been sent to gaol and lost his job. As it is, he is out of gaol, has kept his job, and is sixpence to the good. Besides, Mr. Mountney may leave him another sixpence in his will.

The fate of Edward Shirwell, a carman in the employ of the Great Eastern Railway Co., is a case in point. The Capital and Counties Bank at Cromer sent to the Head Office in London, a bag containing 1,000 sovereigns. It was put on rail without any declaration as to the contents; the Bank paid a shilling for carriage; the bag was placed in Shirwell's van for delivery in a like unconventional manner, and while the van-boy was delivering another shilling parcel—whether bank-notes, bullion, diamonds, or carrots is not stated—Shirwell was reminded by the Devil that his wages were "less than 16s. a week," and promptly disappeared. He was subsequently arrested while boarding a vessel at Liverpool, and sentenced to six months' hard labour for his enterprise. As the Recorder put it, he "yielded to a temptation to which any man might have yielded." Think of banks sending bags of sovereigns per rail at a shilling a bag! They might at least label them coal or coke.

We have before us a paragraph from an Edinburgh paper, and it points to a mystery of the Sheriffs' Court not easy to fathom. What is to be gathered is that a domestic servant, charged with theft, pleaded guilty "After the Sheriff had pronounced sentence of two months' imprisonment," continues the newspaper, "the lady in whose house the alleged thefts had taken place appeared in Court and furnished such explanations as satisfied the prosecutor and the Sheriff—whereupon the Court was reconstituted and the girl liberated." In what circumstances did the girl plead guilty? Why was not the testimony of the lady in whose house the thefts are alleged to have occurred brought into evidence before sentence was pronounced? What were the explanations which "satisfied the prosecutor and the Sheriff?" Really, we shall have to give some of these Scottish Sheriffs' Courts rather more attention.

Mr. W. S. Davey, the Chief Constable of Bridgwater, has raised a hornets' nest about his ears by warning the local shopkeepers that a sun blind less than eight feet above the pavement is an obstruction within the meaning of the Act, and that the use of side blinds is also strictly prohibited. As it is not to be denied that low sun blinds are also a nuisance to every man with his umbrella up, and to some men who wear top hats, our advice to the shopkeepers is to try and settle matters with the Chief in a spirit of amity. Let them consider what would happen if a six-foot constable in a helmet were to collide with one of the blinds. The owner might be charged with obstructing the officer in the execution of his duty and damaging his uniform. We do not gather that the Chief Constable seeks to abolish shop blinds altogether. He merely wants them nearer the sky.

What exactly do the directors of the Southampton Skating Rink Company mean by the notice posted in the lavatory attached to the rink, "Wash and brush-up, 2d. Private towel 2d. extra"?

There is an air of vicious callousness about the prosecution at Wolverhampton of the man Field-house for arrears in respect of the maintenance of one of his lads in an industrial school. The man was engaged in a local firm, working ten hours a day and eleven hours when on night duty. His wages worked out at 12s. a week, but "sometimes he got a little more by working overtime." Out of this 12s. a week he had himself, his wife, and five children to keep, yet the authorities dragged him into Court, and the magistrates adjourned the case on the understanding that the man would contribute 6d. a week. So he will either have to do a bit more overtime, if he can get it, or his wife and five, already sufficiently impoverished, children will have to do with 6d. less for food. It is said you cannot get blood out of a stone; but evidently the Education authorities of Wolverhampton, or whoever is responsible for the proceedings in this case, consider themselves capable of accomplishing that feat.

The Guisborough justices are also among those who believe in seasoning their law with plenty of pepper and mustard. They have sentenced "a labourer, of no fixed abode," to a month's imprisonment with hard labour for sleeping out. They don't care what it costs for him to sleep in.

Colonel Emmerson, of the Salvation Army, has been replying to our recent criticisms. He went rather a long way off to do so—even to distant Peterhead. And here, according to an Aberdeen correspondent, is a specimen of the way in which we were annihilated. Having first had a choice selection of very un-Christian epithets showered upon us, the following story was told to the audience: When our criticisms first appeared, "a Commissioner from the International Head Quarters" (who was not named) waited upon us "to gently remonstrate." And what do you think was our reply? "I don't care a damn what goes into the paper so long as it makes it sell." Then we proceeded to state that we had recently dined with the General, "who was a jolly fellow and fond of a drop of good wine." Thereupon the Commissioner—the peaceful remonstrator—said, "You are a liar." That nonplussed us for the moment, but we wriggled out of it by saying, "Well, if it was not the General, it was that other Booth fellow." This was too much for the Commissioner, who replied, "Then you are a double liar." Still we wriggled, and said, "Then it must have been a Colonel So-and-so." Now all we have to observe upon this narrative is that somebody has been telling stories—and people who tell stories don't go to heaven when they die!

We have before us a catalogue of "obsolete" (this word being in very small type) "war vessels and other craft," to be offered for sale at the Devonport Dockyard, on October 11th, "by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty." And here are Lots 1 and 2:—

> The First-Class Battleship *Howe*, 10,300 tons displacement (per Navy List), 325 feet long, 68 feet beam, about 34 feet depth of hold, steel built, with compound armour and protective deck plating, together weighing about 2,220 tons, and equipped with 7,500-I.H.P. compound engines and metal surface condensers, fitted brass tubes, twelve tubular boilers, numerous auxiliary hydraulic and steam engines and pumps, metal propellers, masts, etc.
>
> The First-class Battleship *Edinburgh*, 9,420 tons displacement (per Navy List), 325 feet long, 68 feet beam, 24 feet 7 inches depth of hold, steel built, with steel armour and protective deck plating, together weighing about 2,325 tons, and equipped with 5,550-I.H.P. compound engines and surface condensers, fitted brass tubes, ten return-tube boilers, numerous auxiliary engines and pumps, metal propellers, anchors and cable, etc.

Imagine scrapping "First-class Battleships"—and with the Germans coming!

Now that the Conservative party are beginning to coquet with the idea of Payment of Members, it may be recalled that such payment was in early days a common law liability of the constituencies. The customary charge in the time of Edward I. was 4s. a day for a Knight of the Shire, and 2s. for a citizen or burgess. These charges were repealed in 1856 only in the case of the newly enfranchised counties and towns of Wales and Monmouth. As late as 1681 Lord Nottingham decided in favour of a member for Harwich, who sued his constituents for his wages, and Lord Campbell, writing in 1846, expresses an opinion that the common law right survives, and that a member might still insist upon the wages fixed by ancient custom.

Notices officially posted in Southwold impress on the parents of children suffering from whooping-cough the harm done to the town by allowing them to roam about the beach in close contact with visitors. "Parents are therefore requested," says the notice, "to have their sick children medically examined without delay, and either keep them at home or send them to play in places not largely frequented by visitors." One of our Southwold readers asks us whether we don't think this a bit stiff. No, we don't.

Nobody will be surprised to hear that the ratepayers of Weston-super-Mare are kicking up a dust. A few days ago a vestry meeting, announced merely by half-a-sheet of notepaper stuck on the parish church door, was held under the chairmanship of the vicar, there being four other persons present—to wit, three overseers and a churchwarden, the churchwarden being the brother of the assistant overseer, whose salary they raised from £450 to £500. Not 20 ratepayers out of the 20,000 inhabitants knew of the meeting, but then, in the opinion of one of the local weeklies, "if people will not frequent places of worship and see the notices, they have only themselves to blame." Apparently the "meeting" was engineered with the object of keeping its specific purpose as dark as possible. Being announced on the door of the parish church, it was held technically according to the Act, for there is no obligation on tne conveners to announce it by any other means, whatever the practice on other occasions may have been. On the whole, we fear the Ratepayers' Association has been caught napping. However, we suggest that what a vestry meeting has passed another vestry meeting may revoke. A wink is always as good as a nod to a blind ratepayer.

There is a danger of the Harrisons, of the Montgomery County Council, becoming as famous as the Hodgsons, of the Cumberland County Council. It appears that for some years Mr. G. D. Harrison has been Clerk to the County Council and Clerk of the Peace, with Mr. G. R. D. Harrison, his son, as Deputy Clerk. The other day Mr. Harrison, Senior, cast aside his official shoes, and thereupon it appears that the County Standing Committee, a body not in any way responsible to the ratepayers, shoved Mr. Harrison, Junior, into them. For all we know to the contrary, his father's shoes may be too big, or too little, or just the right fit for him; but if these lucrative county jobs are to be handed down as heirlooms in special families, such as the Hodgsons, and the Harrisons, it is obvious that the Smiths and the Joneses, the Browns and the Robinsons, will never get a chance of being in intimate relationship with the cashier on pay days. From the speech of Mr. Richard Lloyd, the Chairman, we gather there is an opinion current on the Montgomery Standing Committee that the Harrisons were predestined to fill all the best-paid local appointments which happen to be going during the time they are on earth. They may be; and, after-all, who are the ratepayers that they should quarrel with the decrees of a relentless fate?

It is well for Stanley Blanchard, the Rudston joiner, that the Bridlington magistrates were able to dismiss the terrible charge made against him in regard to a girl under 13 years of age. Practically, the only evidence against him was that of the girl, and though it remained of an unshaken character throughout the police-court proceedings, in the absence of corroboration, we can only say that it laid him open to the challenge of the gravest suspicion. The terrible fact in this case is that this child of thirteen years old is six months advanced in pregnancy, so that whether the man dismissed from the charge is, or is not, actually guilty of it, the bestial monster responsible is still at large. Such things as these make the blood run cold.

If the filling up of an official form may provoke many persons to wrath, it certainly never fails to provide unlimited scope to that peculiar human species which is incapable of distinguishing between fun and idiocy. The Leicester young man who filled up a lodger claim is an instance. In answer to the question whether anyone shares his room with him, he replied, "Nobody, except only fleas." Another question, "How much do you pay for the room?" was answered "Not caught yet"; while his response to the query, "How many rooms are there in the house?" was that he had never counted 'em. There are thousands of people who fill up income-tax forms in this way, but with what object we have never been able to fathom. It can do them no good, for, being compelled to fill up the forms in a proper manner in the end, the laugh is usually against them. And the laugh of an outraged official as he collects the 1s. 2d. in the £. from them is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. You can hear it up his sleeve.

A correspondent in the *Church Times*, signing himself "Missioner," tears his hair and bites his nails because it is becoming a common thing to see clergymen walking abroad clad like rational men in light grey suits and crowned with the common or garden straw hat. We are not aware that the Founder of Christianity and His apostles adopted attire to distinguish themselves from the ordinary man-in-the-street. Sacerdotal garments were largely derived from the gorgeous raiment of pagan priests, Roman municipal robes, and the uniform of the tribe of Levi. We have no objection to their being worn at the right time and in the right place. But for pity's sake, let the officers of the army of the Church enjoy the same privilege of wearing mufti as is accorded to officers of the army of the King. For our own part, we think that an earnest and broad-minded minister of the Gospel is the better the less he attempts to distinguish himself outwardly from his fellow-sinners.

The Silly Season dies hard, if indeed it ever dies, with some papers. A number of noodles are now airing their views about politeness in foreign countries. One opts for Russia, because he had toothache there, and somebody hastened to fetch him food and vodka, though we don't hear whether the food consisted of nuts or sugar-candy. Another queries the courtesy of Spaniards, because a don said, "My new bicycle is yours," and the offer was not meant to be taken literally. Meanwhile, it seems to have escaped all these grumblers that politeness implies polish and has nothing to do with standing drinks or offering bicycles.

This is the season of Harvest Homes. Congregations are invited to sing their gratitude that all is safely gathered in; churches are decorated with sheaves and various first-fruits; plates are rattled to invite special collections. But half-ruined farmers are not moved to much rejoicing, or benefited by the largesse of the singers. The only result is that a church has a new organ, or a missionary society is encouraged to continue to exchange rum and Bibles for ivory and rubber.

The Hackney Borough Council, always to the fore, has passed a resolution calling upon the Government to give facilities for the passage of the Bill to extend to municipal elections the provisions which apply to Parliamentary ones, in respect of the circulation of libels and slanders by candidates or their agents. A very necessary measure.

Some magistrates are singularly indiscreet. Here we espy a Tottenham Shallow, who said that "a bookmaker was the meanest, lowest man he knew of, who lived by fooling and robbing poor working men." Observe that he is not alluding to welshers, but to bookmakers in general. We do not quite follow the reasoning. As bookmakers lay the ordinary market odds, which are published in the papers, we do not see where the meanness comes in. And as the "poor working men" are entitled to make their own selections, receiving payment in the event of success, there is no justification for the charges of "fooling and robbing." A magistrate who shows himself to be so ignorant of the law, and even of the meaning of words, ought to be muzzled. We imagine that the working men of Tottenham will not relish this insulting reflection on their intelligence.

Our statistics of rich clergy have brought forth a strange argument: that the poor have never been beatified or the rich deprecated in Holy Writ. "Blessed are the poor," we learn, "is incomplete. Such a theory is nowhere expressed in the Bible. Blessed are the poor *in spirit* is another thing altogether. How hard it is to enter the Kingdom of God applies to rich and poor alike. It is the attitude of mind that counts: 'How hard it is for them that *trust* in riches.' . . . Abraham was the friend of God, who said 'I will bless thee,' and He blessed him by making him 'very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold.'"

No doubt modern Christianity is largely a rich man's religion, but we hesitate to believe that this was the intention of its Founder. Of course, anything can be proved by texts, but we think the following are fairly convincing:—

> And He lifted up His eyes on His disciples, and said, Blessed be the poor: for your's is the kingdom of God.
>
> Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?

And Saint Francis of Assisi has even glorified Poverty herself. "The Blessed Francis, as a true Follower and Disciple of the Saviour, gave himself up to seek and to find, to have and to hold the Lady Poverty, dreading no Adversity, fearing no Evil, sparing no labour, shunning no suffering of the body, so only that he might come unto her to whom the Lord hath given the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." But the Blessed Francis did not receive a "call" to a fat City living.

The Justices of Poole, Branksome Division, have sent a man to gaol for a month for being drunk and incapable; in another case they fined a brute 30s. and costs for such shocking cruelty to a horse that when an Inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. saw it the animal was "streaming with perspiration, as if it had been driven through a river," was "bleeding in thirteen places, the back bearing bruises and ridges so numerous that it was impossible to count them," while "the whip with which the horse had been beaten was minus the leash, split, and almost broken to pieces." "Justice is blind," but at Poole she is troubled with only a bad squint.

We notice that a Yankee firm is appealing to boy scouts to buy bugles with German silver mouthpieces. The next thing will be German measles.

Of course the decision of Mr. Walter Long to sell his Wiltshire estates will be described by the Government supporters as a Party dodge. Their course is clear. Let them find purchasers and thus show that Mr. Lloyd George's policy is in no way to blame. What a joke it would be if Mr. Burns bought one of the lots, and, leaving Battersea, settled down on his own little holding!

This Osborne judgment business requires a lot of thinking over. We notice that one of the judges, in an early stage of the struggle, gave as a reason for allowing the levies that an adverse decision would "break up the party system." That view rather fascinates us.

Here is a fine example of military despotism which has just been provided on Salisbury Plain. Captain Bennett-Stanford, a Yeomanry officer, ordered a village innkeeper to close his house to all but certain parishioners, and actually posted a sentry at the door to see that the order was obeyed. To emphasise his injunction, he placed the thong of a whip round the publican's neck and dragged him down the street. The "gallant officer" then entered the house and dealt a civilian, who declined to leave, a blow on the head which rendered him unconscious. To vary the entertainment, outside the house he cut the tyres of several bicycles, and upon the owner of one of the machines interposing, reverted to his old method by knocking him unconscious with a blow from a whip. A member of the Salisbury Town Council, who insisted upon admission to the house, was arrested and conveyed to a police station some miles away, where the superintendent very properly refused to receive the charge. We wait to hear what punishment the Captain will receive,

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THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

A Bedford butcher, in filling up Form IV., was a little puzzled by the request for particulars of "easements" upon his property. Ultimately, he replied: "All my cottages have their own conveniences."

JOHN BULL'S BOOK COVERS.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICES.

AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "2 to 20," or to veterans of 8 yedrs of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.

PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."

BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose vieux, trimmed with glace, with hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.

MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.

LODGERS.—No biscuits for widows who want young men to share room. Most of them do.

For the following: "I have not been out of the house for six weeks because I had no clothes to put on, but a neighbour lent me a pair of boots to go to church,"

THE DAILY EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For the following agony: "Dearest.—Longing to see you; meet as before. If you are first place stone on wall. If I am first will remove it.—*MINNIE,"

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that "'Tanura' applied to the hair, will take off five or six years of a man's or woman's life,"

THE PROPRIETORS OF "TANURA"
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For describing herself as "Lady, educated, otherwise respectable,"

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to the "Yorkshire Post") that "there was hardly a church in the North of England which did not cater for amusement and CREATION OF THE YOUNG *people,"*

THE REV. J. BROWN MORGAN (of Bradford)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the MILK *was taken from defendant's own* HEAD,"

THE FOLKESTONE HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "summer has LEFT US *without ever having visited us,"*

THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For offering a house with "*2 LOVATORIES *with or without brown trout fishing and rough shooting,"*

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE IRISH TIMES*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "a runaway motor CANTERED,"

THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that, in the river Dnieper, "fifty PARSONS *were severely injured and one* MAN *killed,"*

THE MORNING ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "those (aviators) whose lives are sacrificed are gradually acquiring the knowledge of the FACTORS OF SAFETY,"

THE DAILY GRAPHIC
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that, during the King's GROUSE-*drive, an accident was the result of the discharge of Captain Hood's* RIFLE, *"several of the* PELLETS *from which struck Lord Errol's son in the face,"*

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising in the "Church Times": "Rector wishes to find position as cook-housekeeper, where girl is kept,"

THE RECTOR OF THURNING, OUNDLE,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

HOW THE GERMANS WILL *GO.*

By William R. Smellie, M.A.

(In our issues of September 3rd and 24th, we published two striking sketches, entitled respectively, "How the Germans will Come," and "After the German Landing." Here is a fresh, and more agreeable, view of the matter. May it prove as prophetic as it is pleasant!)

A heavy haze hung over the North Sea, dull, monotonous, and, to all appearance, empty; but enveloped in that haze the mighty fleet of the unprovoked Teuton was steadily steaming towards a trustful "tight little island." *Dreadnoughts*, cruisers, destroyers, transports, all were there, though each could barely trace the dim outline of his next in line. From every bridge, tense, anxious faces peered forward—ever forward—toward the goal. Half the distance had been successfully steamed; the persistent fog was a kindly screen, and all things pointed to a special dispensation of Providence to permit the wiping out of the despised, degenerate rival. Still, these marks of favour did not smooth out the lines of care from the haggard faces on the bridges. At the outset, indeed, all had been joyous and confident. Had not they yearned long for "The Day"? Were not they away to surprise and swoop down on these blundering, trustful, politics-torn British? Had not they heard the British Press for years lauding them to the skies and weeping at the indolence and incompetency of their own people? Ugh! It was a triumphal trip; a mere display would suffice. But now it was somewhat different. As each turn of the propeller brought them nearer, the case took on a different complexion. The Admiral mused gloomily, weighing the chances with a philosophic fairness hitherto unknown to him. His men were *made* seamen; the seamen of the enemy had been *evolved*—they were the result of a thousand years' evolution, capped by a training not inferior to his own. He had seen these men, too—their walk was more eloquent than words; it said, "Devil-may-cares—stick at nothing." He had seen the sloping, muscular, bulldog necks, and they said "Vitality." He had seen clean-limbed young officers, he had seen ships handled, he had seen a target being—but away, why did these pictures come to him now? However, the British Press was soothing to him; but, again, British history was disquieting. Had not this nation always been a bungler? Had not it always entered on its struggles handicapped with bungles and poorly equipped? From Drake to Nelson, her sailors had had to fight better ships than their own; but their devil's luck, their traditions, at any rate "something," had always brought them to the weather side of their enemies in the end. It was a disquieting, evil-tasted cud to chew, but all great empires had their day, and without doubt this would be "The Day."

* * * * *

Suddenly, as a traveller through a forest comes from the gloom into a thinly-wooded glade, so did the great Armada sail into a rift in the fog, and for a few moments the Admiral could see his fleet; then all were again swallowed into even denser banks than before. Then, indeed—could the Admiral's anxious eyes have pierced the damp, clinging mist—he would have seen, away off to port, a venomous-looking destroyer that looked scarcely German. Unnoticed, she fell slowly back, then went hard-a-starboard and tore off into the fog at right angles to the course of the fleet, while a good English voice muttered significantly, and with slow solemnity, "Well, I'm damned!" and again, with awful emphasis, "Well, I'm damned!" Soon she was alongside what might have been her own image in the mist; a quiet hail, a few rapid sentences, then both off. Several repetitions of this and a scattered flotilla of destroyers were silently grouped round three able cruisers, while the fog still lay over the sea. Soon wireless code messages went to send their warning to the threatened land, and the fastest destroyer afloat was streaking for home, eating up the distance as only she could. And the dauntless little fleet, too bold to simply "wait and see," was steaming swiftly, silently in the wake of the enemy.

* * * * *

Mist still mantled the sea. Let it hold for still a few hours, and the great armada would strike—British power would be a thing of the past. The Admiral's gloomy pictures had vanished; his enemy's traditional luck had run out; but his ships did not seem to be keeping their order so well. What were these two blundering destroyers wandering for? Their place was the flanks. God in Heaven! they were torpedoing him—no nets out—a sickening explosion—nothing could save her! Four other monsters had gone the same way, while, unseen in the fog, three mighty cruisers had crept among the transports, mauling all and sundry. Rapidly and mysteriously also they had withdrawn, taking their poisonous spawn of destroyers with them.

* * * * *

A breeze rippled the water, the sun broke through, the curtain was raised. There lay the promised land, but between that land and the sorely-smitten armada there came in battle array the angry might of England; while astern, denying retreat, lay those three thrice-cursed cruisers, with their savage, ruthless destroyers. Then woe to the armada, woe to the shores of the Fatherland, woe to her vaunted maritime trade! Indeed, "The Day" had come!

* * * * *

All the world could now see that it was folly to confuse the wrangling of insensate politicians with national discord, and to mistake the breaking up of an obsolete party system for the disintegration of the Empire. The reverse effect was felt instead—the occasion had made the men. Now, "none was for a Party and all were for the State." The danger had united and purified; strong and competent men ruled—men who despised

> "Party tactics, party lies,
> Foolish, false election cries."

Like the fabled Phœnix, the old lion had risen up from the ashes, and was again—

> "Britain great and merry too,
> Britain strong to dare and do."

"The Day" had come; and the German Armada had *gone!*

TERRITORIAL PRIZES.

It seems that the 6th Battalion Essex Regiment has not had a prize distribution since December, 1907. Yet there is an annual allowance for this purpose from the War Office. The officers of the Regiment also contribute towards the fund. Perhaps Colonel Brooker Ward will explain.

THE UNION JACK CLUB.

We have a good many complaints with reference to this Club in Waterloo Road. The growls seem to be that, although every ship and regiment in the Service subscribes to its upkeep, the tariff charges are in excess of those of similar institutions run by private individuals.

Will the Secretary of the Club send us along a statement of accounts, and a list of charges?

THE LITTLEPORT VICAR AND HIS ORGAN BLOWER.

A PARTICULAR PARSON—QUESTIONS ADDRESSED TO A PROSPECTIVE ORGAN BLOWER.

The other day a Bermondsey youth answered an advertisement in the *Church Times* for a lad to ring the church bell, blow the organ, and do odd jobs about the churchyard. His application was acknowledged by the Rev. F. E. Rogers, Vicar of Littleport, Isle of Ely, and enclosed with the letter was the following list of questions:—

Be sure and return these questions to Rev. F. E. Rogers, Littleport Vicarage, Isle of Ely. Write your answers carefully and as fully as possible on a separate sheet of paper.

1. Give: (*a*) Full name and address; (*b*) date of birth; (*c*) your height.
2. What school did you attend?
3. At what age did you enter, and at what leave school?
4. What had you done in: (1) English; (2) Arithmetic; (3) Algebra; (4) Geometry; (5) Scripture.
5. Did you pass your standards regularly, and what was the last you passed?
6. Have you studied at all since leaving school? If so, state fully what you have done, and why you did it.
7. What posts have you held since leaving school? Give dates of entering and leaving same, and reasons for latter.
8. At what age were you Confirmed?
9. State as fully as you can, from your own experience, what benefit you derived from it.
10. Have you been a regular communicant since? If so, how often do you attend?
11. Say, in your own words, what you believe and know about Conversion.
12. What Church work have you done? Give full particulars, with approximate dates of commencing and concluding each item.
13. When did you first think of devoting the whole of your time to the work of the Church, and why?
14. What makes you think God is calling you to such work?
15. Can you play any instrument?
16. Have you sung in a choir, and can you read music?
17. What games can you play?
18. What is the present state of your health—have you ever had fits or fainted?
19. What diseases have you had?
20. Are your eyes and ears quite good?
21. Do you take intoxicants or smoke?
22. If selected, how soon would you be free?
23. Are you prepared to do cheerfully, to the best of your ability, any work set you?
24. Would you study hard to improve yourself?
25. Give names and addresses of three people who would act as references.

May we point out two important omissions from this list? The youth is not asked about his vaccination marks, or whether in his spare time he is prepared to make a few bricks.

THE RUSTING "GRATE."

When Kitchener livened things up at Khartoum
  And the Dervishes fled in alarm,
They said at the War Office when he came home,
  "He's a little bit warm."

He then went to India, straightened things there
  (The result of a War Office plot);
His return once again seemed to cause quite a scare:
  "He's undoubtedly hot."

Yet after the notable conquests he's made,
  They still seem to play fast and loose;
Between you and me, I believe they're afraid
  He'll be cooking their goose.

C. F. S.

PEEK, FREAN AND CO.

THE SICK CLUB AND ITS MEMBERS.

We have received a letter of complaint from Mr. J. T. Riches, who left the employment of Messrs. Peek, Frean and Co. in May, 1909. At that time he was a member of the sick club, and had been a member for 33 years. Rule 5 permits those who have been in the employment of the Company for a period of 10 years or more continuously to remain members of the club if they have ceased to serve the Company, and Mr. Riches elected to avail himself of this right. Accordingly, he continued his payments until May, 1910, when owing to home troubles, and change of residence, he failed to pay the 2s. due until June 15th. On June 16th he was informed by the Hon. Secretary that his membership of the club had ceased, and the 2s. was returned to him. Mr. Riches thinks this very harsh treatment, and we are bound to say that we are a little surprised that the executive of the sick fund of a firm like Messrs. Peek, Frean and Co. should deprive a late member of the staff, who was in their employment for 33 years, of the advantages of the sick club, because on a single occasion he allowed his payment to fall a month in arrear. The loss to Mr. Riches is substantial, seeing that in sickness he would have received 12s. a week for 39 weeks, and his family eight guineas at his death.

L.C.C. AND THEIR TRAM PASSENGERS.

DISCREDITABLE TACTICS.

Referring to our recent comments on the methods adopted by the L.C.C. in the case of claims for accidents, a correspondent writes:—

Last summer, my wife, who was in a delicate state of health, received a severe shaking whilst a passenger on one of the Council's cars, due to it leaving the rails, and presumably through negligence on the part of the driver.

After an independent examination of the case by their own medical officer, whose report was evidently much against them, I was requested to submit my claim for expenses and compensation, which I accordingly forwarded.

Judge, however, of my surprise when I received a communication from their solicitor stating that the Council were "quite unable to admit liability or to entertain the claim put forward."

As a result I was forced to seek legal advice, of course at considerable expense, and eventually a summons was served, and application made for discovery.

This evidently brought them to their senses, as, finally and just prior to the hearing, they paid a sum of money into Court. These tactics seem very discreditable.

A LOCAL PATRIOT.

Let others—if they wish to—dwell
Where smoke-palls hang athwart the sky
And ozone's scarce, and hawkers ply
Their trade with eerie, raucous yell.

But sylvan solitude for me,
And trees where birds'-nests lurk, and grass
(Clay soil as well, but let that pass),
For my address is Arcady.

A stone's-throw from the station lies
My red-roofed, creeper-clad abode,
The walk—about four miles by road—
Affording gentle exercise.

To town, the journey merely takes
A matter of an hour by rail;
Save when November fogs prevail
It's over in a brace of shakes.

True, if on leaving home I mean
To travel by the five to eight,
And miss it, I've some time to wait,
But there is still the 9.13.

No asphalt pavements will be found,
Offensive to artistic souls.
Quaint hillocks and delightful holes
In every rugged road abound.

Ofttimes a town-bred alien mocks,
And dubs the spot both dread and lone;
This notwithstanding that we own
Two lamp-posts and a pillar-box.

F. J. WHITMARSH.

GENERAL BOOTH'S REPLY TO "JOHN BULL."

BRAMWELL BOOTH THROWN OVER—THE TRUTH ABOUT COLONEL EMMERSON.

At last Bramwell Booth has been thrust aside, as we half predicted he would be, by his father. Our readers will remember that we stated that several officers at Headquarters were opposed to the policy of Mr. Bramwell Booth in regard to our allegations—that is, the policy of saying nothing.

Then came our revelations about his father's refusal to recognise the grandchildren—the children of his first daughter—and the position of that good 'ady. This was too much. Headquarters were inundated with questions as to the truth of all these things. A letter was issued, a copy of which lies before us, stating that it was not customary for the Army to defend themselves against the attacks of their enemies, and using language about this paper the reverse of complimentary. But still the demand for the truth raged, and to appease the clamour Mr. Bramwell Booth wrote an amazing article in the *War Cry* of September 7th :—

> "We do not answer and defend. *We* think it better to suffer even slander and calumny than to contend. We are sometimes betrayed, denied, and denounced by those who profess so loudly to be true to the Cross; or, because, *taking advantage of our silence*, they sometimes say of us what is not kind or even true. Let us submit and take care to be true ourselves. This will no doubt sometimes seem in the eyes of the world a weak and foolish thing to do. But the foolishness of God is wiser than men."

Now, it will scarcely be believed, even by those who are familiar with the methods of Bramwell Booth, that while these words were being written he commissioned one of his great Colonels—Colonel Septimus Emmerson—to go to Scotland, where the Army has suffered many losses of late, to denounce the editor of this paper and to ridicule our criticisms. This gentleman is endowed with the necessary qualification for the job. He has no scruples. When he discovered, for example, that the lady to whom he is married, was prevented under a codicil of a relative's will from marrying a member of the Salvation Army, on the penalty of losing a tidy sum of money that would fall to her, he got over that obstacle by resigning his connection with the Army for a few days; and then, having gone through the ceremony, he returned to the fold without the loss of his rank. Bramwell Booth knows his men.

A Colonel Joliffe was also told to refute our statements, and there is scarcely an open-air meeting, or indoor service at which this paper is not execrated and its charges denounced as false.

But the old General has stopped all this canting and whining, and come into the open with an answer of a sort. He went to Chelsea and devoted a considerable part of his address to showing up his "slanderers," as he was kind enough to describe those who differ from his views as to the sacredness of the despotism which he has created at 101, Queen Victoria Street. A half column report of this meeting appeared in *The Daily Chronicle*. But not a word was said in reply to the statements we made with respect to Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, not a word was said about his persistent refusal to see his ten grandchildren—not a word. He did not even condescend to answer the question why he keeps back the information from the public as to the number of soldiers on his rolls. What, then, did he say?

He said, "We *do* publish balance sheets."

Whoever said that he did not? What we have stated is that no one could understand them. He said he was a poor man, and proud to be one. No one with any right to speak in the public name has ever controverted that statement. He said that he has not appropriated money intended for charitable purposes to his own use. We will subscribe £100 to any London hospital if he, or any of his Colonels, will point to a single word in this paper which bears any such construction. All this is, of course, mere bluffing. What we *have* said is, that the General, as head of the Army, appropriates to evangelistic uses funds subscribed by the public for the Army's "Social Work."

Commissioner George Scott Railton, the old man who protested in bare feet on the Queen's Hall platform against the folly and shame of the Salvation Army's Insurance Department, has also been called in to "reply." His first article appears in the current *War Cry*. His strutting, literary style is seasoned with a plenitude of such Salvation adjectives as these :—"Lies and curses," "abuse and lies," "avowed infidels," "mire," "mud," "Father of Lies is against us," "the destitution lie," and so on *ad lib.*—1,200 words in all, and not a single "yes" or "no" to the serious charges we have made and supported by incontestable evidence.

We observe, however, with pleasure, that we have compelled Mr. Bramwell Booth to advertise in the *War Cry* (for the first time in the history of the movement) that copies of balance sheets may now be obtained.

A FEW REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that owing to the demand upon our space we cannot, as we had hoped, deal with the mass of correspondence we have received. Here are a few replies :—

"X," Hadleigh (we withhold his name lest he should be persecuted by the Salvation Army), sends us a long and circumstantial account of his attempts to obtain work at the Hadleigh Colony, the Emigration Department, and the Boxted Small Holdings. Six officers adjudicated upon his application for the latter, and refused it on the ground that he was not a Salvationist. He received two days' work at 2s. 6d. a day. His children often went to the Army's school at Hadleigh without food. And the Salvation Army people knew it; but he did not wear the S.A. badge!

F. Ashley (Scarborough).—After nine years' hard work in Corps, saving souls and raising money, left it in disgust, and was generously given £2 to help her start life afresh. Miss Ashley tells us that General Booth once said that if a woman officer did her duty for seven years in an English Corps (which means speaking at eight or ten open-air meetings a week, and conducting twelve more in halls, and cadging for cash every day of the week) she would be played out. Yet the Pension Fund of the Army only allows grants to officers who are compelled to retire at the end of fifteen years' service. The Salvation Army does not publish to its officers the details of this fund.

Will William Vousden, Salvationist, who denies that Roberts was starving while in charge of the Army's work at Loughborough, inform us how often he visited the quarters? It is quite true that Mrs. Roberts received £1 for her confinement expenses, but had to beg it. Mrs. Brigadier Cloud sees to the circulation of these tit-bits.

"Nunc aut Nunquam."—Mr. Bramwell Booth's version as to the wheat and tares growing up together is made to fit in with his superior notion of making men.

D. B. Harris (Birmingham).—Can't you understand that our attack upon certain persons in high office in the Salvation Army is intended to demonstrate the tyranny of the system? The system makes tyrants.

Wheeler Wicks (Maesteg).—Quite right. The Chalk Farm Band plays well. There was an attempt made some time ago to prevent instruments being silver coated, but Bramwell Booth gave in in deference to Colonel George Mitchell and other musical lights of the Army. They prefer show to salvation. Mrs. General Booth would join her daughter, Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, were she alive. She was simple and primitive in her ideas; and her writings, still sold by the Salvation Army, denounce bazaars which the S.A. carry on with all the clap-trap of side shows.

Mrs. Connelly (Lewisham).—If your daughter's letter is correct, then it raises a very serious public question, which ought to be discussed in Parliament. In the meantime, we are sending it to Colonel Lamb.

W. Daisy (Isle of Wight) informs us of a fight at the local barracks; but the incident is child's play compared with what goes on at a Census Board.

Charles Evans, Salvationist (Liverpool) in defending the Training College at Clapton, calls it "a mighty sieve." That's our case. The "sieve" ought to operate before candidates for Corps Orders are sent to Clapton.

THE PRINCIPLE OF ARISTOCRACY.

A PLEA FOR THE FEW AGAINST THE MANY.

By Julius Basil, M.A.

The other day, in the course of a semi-public political discussion, I ventured to throw out the remark that numbers are a poor test of the value of any opinion, and I was rather surprised to find this position challenged. It seemed to me of the nature of an axiom; but a gentleman present assured me in reply that, on the contrary, he thought numbers a very good test of the value of an opinion, quoting the famous aphorism, "The whole world may pass judgment with confidence."

But how can numbers serve as a test of truth in any subject requiring thought? Thinkers are surely a small minority of the human race. Nobody would attach much importance to the view of a popular audience on any question of physical science. Who would dream of putting to the vote such a question as "Are the Planets inhabited?"

There seems to be an impression that moral, religious and political questions are in a different category, and may safely be decided by the popular vote. The truth is, however, just the contrary. Such problems are really more complicated and more difficult to solve than scientific questions; both because the data involved are more numerous and various, and because it is more difficult to view them in a dry light, apart from prejudices, preconceptions and interests.

Much undeserved ridicule has lately been poured upon the hereditary principle. We are told that no one would purchase a puppy on the principle on which the members of the House of Lords are selected. We may reply to this that the House of Lords is selected on two principles, viz.: (1) heredity, and (2) primogeniture; and the first of these is exactly the principle on which one *would* buy a puppy. The importance of heredity in the matter of breeding (using the word in both the senses which it bears) cannot be over-estimated, and is the last principle which a scientific man would think of holding up to public ridicule.

Every argument which can be used in defence of an hereditary monarchy applies with manifold force to an hereditary aristocracy. For, in the case of a single family occupying a throne, it may fairly be questioned whether it is likely that this family will always produce a son capable of efficiently occupying the position. But the chances are much greater that an aristocracy of, say, five hundred families, with a tradition behind them of centuries of rule, will find it possible so to train their sons that they will be worthy successors of their fathers in the important position which they fill as leaders of the mass of the nation.

The ability to rule is indeed usually found in aristocracies; it is their selfishness, not their incapacity, which has frequently ruined them in the past. When they once forget the trust they hold for the nation, and especially for its poorer classes, and consider mainly their own interests, their days are numbered. And the real defence of representative government is not any metaphysical theory of the "rights of man," but the well-proved fact that the interests of one class cannot safely be entrusted to another class. The remedy for this, however, is a balanced representation of classes, not the swamping of all classes by a huge plebeian vote.

The real interest of a class or an individual may very easily be misunderstood. Such a question as Free Trade or Tariff Reform, for example, is really beyond the comprehension of the average voter, and can only be satisfactorily dealt with by commercial experts or learned professors. For that reason the principle of delegation as opposed to representation is bad. The member of Parliament is, or ought to be, better instructed than the ordinary voter, and should be allowed some freedom of action—as much at east as his party chiefs will permit him.

Carlyle's opinion is correct, that the best government would be that of great men who governed unselfishly. Monarchical and aristocratic governments have fallen, not because they were monarchical or aristocratic, but because they were corrupt and self-interested. If the pre-revolutionary French Government had been wise and just, we should never have heard of the "rights of man," and Rousseau would have lived in vain.

Wisdom is found in the few, not in the many. Opinions must be weighed and tested, and when heads are counted, some attention must be paid to the quality of the brains they contain.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

More Gems from Our Letter Bag.

Could you oblige me with the address of the Duke of Connaught if you are aware of it?

How many members of the House of Commons are free and accepted masons?

Mr. R. C. I. Roberts cannot be of a sound mind, and I am of opinion that you ought to see that steps be taken *at once* to convey him to the nearest Lunatic Asylum.

Can you say how it is that so many of the characters in Mr. Charles Garvice's novels have a habit of shrugging their shoulders?

Would you kindly oblige me with this *urgent* answer in this week's edition of your valuable paper John Bull? *What Nationality was St. Patrick?*

As King Edward is dead, what become of his clothes?

I don't see how forced draught can affect the speed of a vessel that is driven by internal combustion engines. Do you?

Please state concisely exactly what is electricity and who discovered it.

Has everybody got a "personal equation," or is it obsolete?

THE BABOO APPLIES FOR A JOB.

An Anglo-Indian reader sends us the following amusing epistle, received from a native applicant for a menial situation:—

Honoured Master,—Having heard of your Almighty mercy and loving kindness to us worms I tell you my circumstances. By the grace of God and your Lordship I have seven children, all babes and sucklings. Besides this abominable litter I have many male and female relations. What have I done that I should be blessed with such cursed trials? As your Lordship is my Father and my Mother I should request that you will take this wife and suckles and relations, both male and female, and provide for us from your bounty at a remuneration of 20 rupees per month.

I cannot read or write, but by the Grace of God and your Lordship I look forward to years of prosperity and happiness. All the chaoni of Bengal sing of your praise, your justice, and your mercy, therefore, call us all that we may fatten on your love and gentleness. Call quickly.

Your faithful worm and beast,

Meema Lal,

Despicable brute and unwilling father of babies.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

AN ADDER WASTED.

(*Mr. Lloyd George killed an adder at Criccieth.*)

The Chancellor, walking at home with his friends,
Killed an adder that in the path met them;
Why didn't he send it to help the poor dukes
To add up the sums he has set them?

TWO TAXPAYERS.

(*Sir John Brunner says he is paying his super-tax with intense pleasure and malicious delight.*)

Behold the millionaire who loves to pay his tax,
Sipping deep draughts of fortune from a golden chalice;
The man who boasts not is the man who millions lacks
He pays his pound or two—he sighs—but bears no malice.

THE ONE-DAY STRIKE.

(*Twelve thousand men employed by the Cambrian Colliery Combine came out on strike, but returned to work the next day.*)

(*Air*: "*The Brave Old Duke of York.*")

In the Cambrian Coal Combine,
There were twelve thousand men;
One day they all marched out on strike,
The next, marched back again.
And when they were out, they were out,
And when they were in, they were in;
But when they were only half way out
They were neither out nor in!

Ricardo.

OFFICERS.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

When I was a boy, an officer was comparatively modest. He thought it bad form to strut about in his war-paint like an offal-fed, beer-swilling Teuton. He was smart enough on parade, and as brave as a lion in the field, but he preferred plain clothes for civilian occupations. He liked to look like a gentleman rather than to stalk in the guise of a melodramatic swashbuckler. Nowadays he loves to array himself in feathers and gold, to clank swords and spurs in cabs, to flash tinsel in the eyes of the fair. His chief delight is to exhibit himself in the streets with squads of soldiers, fondly imagining that his noble presence will impose upon the cits and inspire them to enlist. He seeks to advertise himself like a pill, forgetting that, in his case, familiarity must breed contempt. This is especially so when he is foolish enough to proceed afoot.

Seagreen Subalterns.

Having probably spent the night at a rout or a green table, still reeking with the fumes of tobacco and usquebaugh, maintaining ins de him a conflict between his liver and an undigested lobster, he does not compare favourably with his martial, muscular men, all trained to the utmost, all glorious within. He shuffles and shambles, trips and trollops, a mincing Agag in the midst of a magnificent machine. No wonder the crowds laugh and begrudge the cost of a creature who is useless and not even ornamental.

Peaceful Persuasion.

We hear a great deal about "ragging," chiefly because raw material now refuses to be ragged. An undesirable bookworm buys his way into a crack regiment, won't play polo, can't command the respect of the men. A few years ago he would have had short shrift. Two or three muscular youths would have taken him aside and politely admonished him to exchange into some other regiment. If he proved obstinate, he would be put through some rough-and-ready ordeal, or a series of ordeals, until he either mended his ways or departed. Nowadays, it is as much as your place is worth to snub him with a stare. The cub will write books, appeal to the King in Council, instruct solicitors, conduct campaigns in the press. And so he remains triumphantly unwashed, while his Colonel is put on half-pay and brother-officers lose their seniority.

Soldiers in Society.

The result is a loss of caste in the messrooms. An officer is no longer necessarily a gentleman, any more than a parson is. The old order has changed. Commercial aptitudes and a knack of passing examinations are of more account than a sporting spirit. Only the old arrogance remains, unleavened by tradition. As of yore, a regiment has only to move into new quarters and all the saloons of society are in a flutter. The mothers of spinsters inundate the barracks with invitations, regardless of the fact that subalterns are rarely eligible husbands. Spoiled by excessive adulation, your officer of the new school assumes the airs and graces of a young god or a pasha in an enemy's country. His manners towards women are atrocious. He is offhand, insolent, for ever throwing the handkerchief. He will forget engagements, cut dances, dispense with ordinary courtesies, until you wonder how he can remain for another instant unkicked. If society were not so rotten, it would soon strike the modern officer off its visiting-lists.

Tame-Cat Captains.

One horrid product of our present system is the namby-pamby, rose-water, cotton-wool officer. He can't shoot, doesn't play outdoor games, lounges languidly, drawls effeminately. His interpretation of military duties is to sit in an office, writing reports, conducting unnecessary correspondence, bickering through the telephone, issuing absurd regulations, wallowing in red tape. He is a wonderful martinet about the things which don't matter, but if you took him out into the battlefield and pointed to an enemy's position, he would merely cock an eye-glass and gape. His only conceivable uses are to fetch and carry tea-cups, hand bread-and-butter, call cabs after the theatre, hold wool for his grandmother to wind. No doubt he can simper and ogle and dodge husbands, but his prowess when in danger of a big stick is about as admirable as on a martial emergency. He almost makes one sigh for the days which justified phrases about a brutal soldiery.

Garrulous Generals.

The higher the rank, the smarter the officer. This is to a certain extent true, for the new leaven cannot gallop ahead like consumption. The most awful examples are those whose promotion has been unduly rapid. It might not be so if we had promotion by merit, but the present considerations for advancement are family connections, riches, advertising ingenuity. A coming man is flattered by parasites who hope to crawl up with him. His head swells, he puts his portrait on postage-stamps during a siege, he stumps the country, he organises futile agitations, soon there is no holding him. More often than not, he degenerates into a cat's-paw for dangerous demagogues. His name and alleged exploits impose upon the ignorant, who are induced to swallow all sorts of silly superstitions. Or else he is captured for a prospectus and decoys the savings of feeble folk.

Cold Colonel on the Sideboard.

It is a dangerous thing to be a colonel on half-pay. He may, of course, develop into a capital country gentleman; ride straight to hounds, breed prize pigs, keep open house. But he is not always a success on the Bench, being apt to imagine himself at a court-martial. In matters of local administration, he proves fussy, pedantic, narrow-minded. He goes to extremes and is either too harsh or too lenient. When he breaks away from tradition, anything may happen to him: he may agitate for the wildest fads, champion the most hopelessly lost causes. Without condemning retired colonels as a class, I am inclined to think that military education produces ill-balanced minds. I have known it lead to religious hysteria. Also to drink.

The Sister Service.

You might think that the cramped, cabined life of a sailor, cut off from society during many months of the year, would have an even more deleterious influence. Oddly enough, this is not so. In all my wanderings I have never met an ill-mannered naval officer. Of course there have been cases of admirals who lost their tempers and made fools of themselves, but they are the exceptions to "prove the rule"—whatever that may mean. Sailors don't get pampered; they are rattling good fellows, without snuffle or side or omniscience. And they have one great advantage, which must add to their popularity with women: no sooner do you come to know and like them than they are off to the uttermost parts of the earth. There is no time to grow tired of their charms.

Terrible Territorials.

The decadence of officers probably began with the usurpation of military titles. I am not alluding to the Salvation Army, though that is scarcely more ridiculous than some aspects of the Volunteer movement. Your charwoman might be a major or the village schoolmaster an adjutant, but that was only by the grace of Mr. Booth. When it came to the candlestick-maker alderman, the oil-king squire, and the illicit diamond buyer blossoming forth as colonels, with real commissions and authorised uniforms, you might laugh at them, criticise their legs and point at their paunches, but a whiff of contempt soon extended to the regulars also. No wonder decent officers hurried into mufti, shaved their mustachios, called themselves plain mister. And now the confusion is still worse. The territorial experiment has created a fresh kind of nondescript. A new system of army purchase has taken the place of the old, and subscriptions are surer passports to promotion than merit ever was. Then you have also the herds of sedentary persons fondly hoping for a little sport and a great deal of consideration as defenders of the nation against incredible invasions. To top up the motley crew, a certain number of instructors are drafted out of inferior regiments and receive excessive salaries for vain attempts to instil the rudiments of drill. As a passing craze, like bridge or ping-pong or skittles, it may have amused counter-jumpers to play at soldiers. But if the game is to be permanent and useful it will have to be played with different rules—and by a very different set of people.

To Sum Up.

We used to talk of "an officer and a gentleman." Now the policeman and the bum-bailiff are addressed as "officer," while a veteran is described as "in the Service." Why not "in service" and have done with it?

Balzac's Best Novels

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An immense sensation was created in the publishing world last season by the issue of "The Caxton Balzac"—this being the only complete and unexpurgated edition of Balzalc's Works ever published in England. And there is no doubt that to the publication of the Caxton Edition of Balzac's Works is largely due that revival of the cult of Balzac amongst cultured Englishmen and Englishwomen, and that practical realisation that Balzac's novels are the Books of Humanity, the novels of the world, and the stories for all time.

It will be good news to those who are only beginning to realise that the novels of Balzac more than those of any other writer will bear reading and re-reading again and again—to hear that the Caxton Publishing Company is now issuing in a small series a selection of the Best Novels of Balzac for the convenience of those who do not wish to buy the complete edition, and yet who wish to make a profitable acquaintance with Balzac through the best of his works.

The selection of the Best Novels of Balzac was placed in the hands of Mr. Clement Shorter, the Editor of "The Sphere,' an acknowledged authority on the subject.

What Mr. Clement Shorter says:

"I have been asked which, in my judgment, are the best novels of Balzac. There is little difficulty in coming to a decision. I would give them as follows:

Cousin Bette.	Eugenie Grandet.
Cousin Pons.	The Lily of the Valley.
La Duchesse de Langeais.	The Illustrious Gaudissart.
The House of the Cat and Racket.	The Village Cure.
Gobseck.	The Country Doctor,
Old Goriot.	The Magic Skin.
	The Unknown Masterpiece.

"Something has been said of the fact that the publishers advertise that their Balzac is 'unexpurgated.' This is of the utmost importance. The charge that a translator "betrays" is justified where there is a prurient attempt to modify and alter phrases in the interests of Mrs. Grundy. Nothing can justify that. When face to face with a great classic we want the book as near as possible as the author presented it.

"Altogether it would be impossible to speak too highly of the excellence of translation of this edition of Balzac's novels. There are those who say that Balzac should be read in the original, as only thus can you secure his peculiar charm. It is possible to lay too much stress on this point. At least half of Balzac's work relies not so much upon quality of style as upon strength of intellect, and that intellectual power can be captured in a translation, particularly in a translation so good as this."

But as some of these selected stories of Balzac are but short stories, or comparatively short stories, and as moreover their charm and interest are greatly accentuated when they are read in conjunction with other Stories—the designs of which have direct reference to them—the Publishers, while they have kept this series a small and compact one, have not confined it strictly to the above list. To give merely one instance. The two first of the Stories selected by Mr. Shorter are "Cousine Bette" and "Cousin Pons." Both of these though each in itself is complete as a story. form a part of the admirable series known as "The Poor Relations."

And so the Publishers have thought it well to include the whole series of "The Poor Relations" in "The Best Novels of Balzac" series.

"The Best Novels of Balzac" in fourteen volumes of a style and a size convenient for constant reading, include in all twenty-six Novels, each one absolutely complete and unexpurgated.

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MR. ANDREW LANG writes:

"It is impossible to enter on a detailed criticism of Balzac's novels. In them he scales every height, and sounds every depth, of human character. The qualities of Balzac are his extraordinary range of knowledge, observation, sympathy, his stead ast determination to draw every line and shadow of his subject, and his keen analysis of character and conduct."

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THE CITY CHURCHES.

WHAT BECAME OF THE MONEY RECEIVED FOR THE SITE OF ONE OF THEM?

Apropos our article on this subject in our issue of August 27th, a correspondent refers to the Bishop of London's scheme for the reduction of City churches with the object of providing for the churches in poor parishes. He writes:—

> I have read with interest your article. But there is another phase on which, if the full light of publicity could be thrown, there would arise more furious thinking—I refer to the Bishop of London's scheme for the reduction of City churches with the object of providing for the Church's needs in poor parishes.
>
> Let me cite my own experience. For several years I was a member of the choir at St. Michael's, Wood Street, the Rector of which was a Mr. Hirsch, who had devoted the greater part of his life to working on a pittance in that part of Woolwich locally known, I believe, as the "dust heap," and who was—may I say?—pensioned off to the Rectorship of this living. The time came when this church was marked out as one to be demolished, and the funds of the sale of the site devoted to the Bishop of London's fund; the parish was amalgamated with that of St. Alban's, Wood Street, where, I see from Mr. Alexander's article, they have a congregation of two in the morning and ten in the evening. In due course, the site was sold, and is now known as 113, Wood Street, occupied by a branch of the Joint Stock Bank—the old church clock can still be seen jutting out into Wood Street. The choir was disbanded, and, meeting my former Rector shortly after, he said, with tears in his eyes, "Had I known then how things would work out, I would never have consented to the absorption." He mentioned, and this is the reason of my writing to you, that the site had sold for a considerable amount, but owing to law charges, valuation fees, etc., etc., only about one-quarter found its way to the Bishop of London's fund.

Perhaps the trustees of that fund and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners would oblige.

THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.

OUR CHARACTER CONCISELY SUMMED UP AND A NEW TITLE SUGGESTED FOR OUR JOURNAL.

Here is another specimen of the kind of letter which takes the conceit out of us:—

> Sir,—*Re* your letters (which are *supposed* to come from readers) on the subject of "White Slaves of Morality," I think that you ought to be flayed alive for daring to publish them. You are supposed to be publishing your paper for the benefit of the public, so as they can see what really happens in high life; but no doubt the scandals that you publish in your filthy rag are of people who would not pay blackmail, for such I do not doubt is your real object. I, with a few friends, have done our best to stop your dirty paper being read. We have succeeded well, for within two months we have stopped thirty eight people from buying it.
>
> Summing up your character, I find that you are a Dirty Swindler (or a Company Promoter, which is just the same), Rotter, Blackmailer, Dirty Dog in general. The name you give your paper is an insult to England, for instead of calling it JOHN BULL you ought to re-name it "The Blackmailer's Friend." Do not think that this is the work of a fool, but it is written by one who has a few pounds behind him, and will willingly use them to stop your filthy rag being published. Put this in your rag as a polite letter if you dare!
>
> From one who
> HATES AND DESPISES YOU.
>
> P.S.—If we succeed you will hear from me later.

The idea that we are "supposed to be publishing this journal for the benefit of the public, so that they can see what really happens in high life," is delicious. Our friend is evidently confounding us with his *Pink 'Un*. He must be more careful.

MRS. BULL'S DAY "OUT."

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25th.

Half a Million copies already ordered. Have you ordered YOURS?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—CIX.

A PLEA FOR A HACKNEY FAMILY.

A Mr. F. Cottage, of 9, Cassimer Terrace, Prout Road, Hackney, has been a horse tram driver for the late North Metropolitan Company and the London County Council for seven years.

He was an odd man for a long period, having two to four days' work a week. His conduct being good, he was placed on the regular staff; but when the London County Council took over the tramways he was once again an odd man. He manfully stuck to his work, and succeeded in doing his duty so well that the London County Council made him a permanent man on the Green Lanes branch early this year.

Then he thought his troubles were surely ended. But sickness intervened, and for eight weeks he lay ill at home. He then became so bad that he had to undergo an operation for gastric ulcers and gall stones, in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He remained there for ten weeks, came home and broke down almost immediately, was at home four weeks, then had to return to the hospital on August 30th last, and is still there. During the last few days another most serious operation has been performed, and his life is almost despaired of. He does not receive any sick allowance from the London County Council, and his family have been living by pawning and selling the home.

He has a wife and four young children—ages 9, 6, 3½ and 4 months. His wife is heavily handicapped by such a young family, and the hard life she has had to live for so long, and is hardly fit to do any kind of work, even if she could get it to do. Rent is owing; there is nothing more to sell or pawn, and the break up of the family seems imminent.

Will the readers of JOHN BULL help to keep the home together for these poor people, so that the husband, if he gets better, will have something to come home to?

We may add that the man is so bad that it would be dangerous to let him know the sad state of his wife and family.

HUMAN DOCUMENT CV.

We have received the following letter from the writer of Human Document, CV.:—

> Will you please convey to all those who so generously replied to my appeal for help in my dire necessity my deepest and most heartfelt gratitude, and also that of my little girl? Please tell them from me that not only have they been the means of saving one or perhaps two lives, but they have been the indirect means of righting one of the most cruel wrongs that can be brought on any honourable woman to bear, whose only means of defending herself would have been to openly defame one who was at one time very dear to her.
>
> May you always meet with the good luck and prosperity that it is your endeavour to bring to poor unfortunate creatures who apply to you.

We have received and duly remitted, the following to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CV.—W. Y. M., 5s.

CVI.—S. Y. M. 2s. 6d.

CVII.—H. M. 4s., Buddhist 2s. 6d., Suicider 1s., Nurse 1s. 6d., Jaxon 5s., Anonymous 10s., S. Y. M. 2s. 6d., "Happy Birthday" 10s.

CVIII.—G. D. S. 5s.

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LAW FOR THE MILLION.

III.—MASTER AND SERVANT.

As almost everyone is either a master or a servant, and many are both, a little knowledge of the law on the subject is often essential.

The contract of service may be either verbal or in writing, except when the service is to last more than a year, when it must be in writing so as to comply with Section 4 of the Statute of Frauds, an act which was passed in the reign of Charles II.; but although in most cases it is unnecessary, it is always desirable that the contract of service should be in writing.

Where no period is expressed, the service will be deemed, in the absence of any proved custom, to be a yearly one. The fact that the salary is payable by monthly or other instalments will not matter, but it does not necessarily follow that because the remuneration is fixed at so much per annum the hiring is a yearly one—it is a question which must depend upon the facts of each particular case, and where in any particular trade or calling a custom is proved to the contrary, the rule as to a yearly hiring will not apply.

With regard to domestic or menial servants, however, it is an established rule, unless there is an agreement to the contrary, that the service can be determined by a month's notice, or by payment of a month's wages in lieu of notice, but not board wages. Where the hiring is at so much per week, it will be construed as a weekly hiring and determinable by a week's notice.

Except in the case of domestic or menial servants, the length of notice to determine the service should always be the subject of express agreement, but in the absence of any express agreement, the notice must be a "reasonable" one. What is reasonable notice depends upon the nature and grade of the employment, *e.g.*, three months has been held to be reasonable notice in the case of a commercial traveller, twelve months in the case of an editor, three months in the case of a governess, three months in the case of a clerk (and in some cases one month), and one month in the case of a chemist's assistant.

If the contract for service is for a definite period, it will terminate by "effluxion of time," without notice.

A master may dismiss his servant without notice if the servant refuses to obey the lawful orders of his master, provided such orders are reasonable and within the scope of the servant's duties; and for habitual insolence, immorality, incompetence, negligence calculated to do injury to the master's business, and dishonesty. A servant who has been improperly dismissed without notice may sue his master for damages for breach of contract, but he will not necessarily be entitled to the full salary for the unexpired period of the contract of service; he must use his best endeavours to find other employment, and the probability of his being able to do so must be taken into consideration in assessing the damages, as also must any money earned by him since the breach. If there is an agreement that a certain notice is necessary, the amount of damages recoverable is the sum equal to the amount of wages for that period.

There is often a clause embodied in a contract of service which binds the servant not to carry on a similar business on his own account, or to work for any other person or firm in a similar business during the continuance of the contract, and for a certain period after the termination of the contract not to carry on a similar business nor enter the employment of any person or firm carrying on a similar business within a certain distance of the employer. Such a restriction is valid, provided it is reasonable, *i.e.*, reasonable for the master's protection, and what is reasonable must necessarily depend upon the circumstances of each particular case, for what would be adequate protection in one trade or calling, might be quite inadequate in another.

A master is under no legal obligation to give a servant a character, but if he does, it must be a truthful one, whether good or bad. A character, *bonâ fide given*, is a privileged communication, and even if untrue in fact, the master will not be held liable for libel.

By the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, it is provided that, "If in any employment personal injury by accident arising out of and in the course of the employment is caused to a workman, his employer shall be liable to pay compensation" . . . and it is important to note that this Act applies to domestic servants.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Compensation for Accident.—Want to Know (Kent).—The builder who is getting the benefit of the work is liable for the accident to the labourer.

Recovery of Debt.—Reader (Burgess Hill).—The document is not merely an I.O.U., but is an agreement to pay money, and it could be enforced by the holder.

Imprisonment in Lieu of Fine.—T. M. C. (Crewe).—If the justices had power to fine, they could inflict imprisonment if the fine was not paid. But we should advise you to write to the Home Office and explain that heavy costs were imposed though the fine was a nominal one. The law provides that where a fine of not more than 5s. is imposed the costs should be remitted, and the Home Secretary has repeatedly drawn the attention of justices to this.

Right to Use Name.—Bullits (Birmingham).—An illegitimate child can adopt any name he chooses, and may take his father's name and use it for all purposes. He can join any benefit society under the father's name and receive all benefits. He should make a will in which he sets out the fact that he was the child of his mother whose name was A. B., but that he has always been known as C. D.

Right to Divorce.—Nurse (Birmingham).—You have no ground for divorce as your case stands. The husband has not committed any matrimonial offence.

Salary Payments.—Slavey (Trowbridge).—You appear to have been paid up to the end of the month, and unless you served longer you cannot claim any more.

Distress for Rent.—Anxious.—The landlord can distrain on furniture on the premises even though it is on the hire system, but if the owners fetch it away before he distrains he can do nothing.

Trading Name of Company.—A. O. R. (London).—The company cannot be prevented from making the statements referred to, even though they are not quite accurate. The writer would appear to be quite entitled to make the statements he suggests, as he started business before the incorporation of the last company.

Debentures of Company.—J. H. (Stamford Hill).—The powers of directors as to debentures depend on the articles of the company. Unless the consent of the shareholders is necessary by the articles the directors could issue debentures.

Fines.—Anon (London).—The employers appear to be within their rights. Your friend was evidently thinking of the Truck Acts, but they do not apply to clerks.

Nuisance from Sewer.—F. M. (Deptford).—Before summoning the L.C.C. you had better first report the matter to the local sanitary authorities.

Medical Relief.—W. E. B. (Shotton).—The old man's wife having received parish relief, he is not entitled to an old age pension; but we hope to get this changed soon.

Maintenance.—A. W. (Grimsby).—If the financial position of your brother has changed since the granting of the order, he should apply to the Court for a "summons to vary." When this comes on for hearing he must be prepared with evidence to prove his present position, and he may get the order reduced.

Whaling Agreement.—Scotchman (Falkirk Islands).—The agreement appears to be quite an ordinary and proper one, and you must carry out all the manager's instructions, providing such instructions are reasonable.

Quarterly Rent.—W. A. (Southall).—As you have no agreement, you are a yearly tenant and must give six months' notice, to expire in September, the month in which you took the premises.

Claim to Estate.—G. B. (Southend).—If your claim is good, you might find a solicitor who would act for you, but we fear the time that has elapsed will be a great difficulty in your way.

Summons After Payment.—T. F. (Taunton).—The plaintiff cannot recover any costs.

Husband's Debt.—E. B. (Stone).—As you allowed the plaintiffs to obtain judgment against you, you must pay. If you didn't owe the money you should have defended the action—and would have won.

Travelling Expenses.—G. B. (Manchester).—There is no law which compels a firm to pay the out-of-pocket expenses of applicants for a situation, unless the firm had previously undertaken to do so.

Tenancy Without Agreement.—W. F. (Strood).—You cannot leave until the end of your year, and you must give six months' notice of your intention so to do; nor can you sub-let without obtaining the permission of the landlord. You can pay the rent each quarter. Better try to come to an arrangement with the landlord.

Partnership.—Unsettled (Belper).—As your proposed partner refuses to sign the deed, you can sue for the return of your £100, and damages for breach of contract; but if you limit your claim to the return of the £100, the County Court has jurisdiction to deal with it.

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EVOLUTION.

By Norman Tiptaft.

The Reformer sat in his study. On his writing-desk lay the summary of a report on sweated labour. He had just finished its contents, and their tragedy held him. With a sigh, he picked up the manuscript of a lecture he was preparing for a small class of working men who seemed to show some faint interest in sociology; for an hour he worked steadily by the light of a small lamp, then the wick gave a sudden flare and went out, leaving him for illumination only the flickering light of the fire.

Putting down his pen and paper, he drew an armchair to the fire, and sat looking steadfastly into it. Strange shapes seemed to form themselves in its red glow—shapes that defied description. Men with weird-looking faces, houses that would not stand up straight, factories whose chimney-tops bent round in circles, and heaps of other things all crowded together in an unrecognisable mass. Suddenly, he was aware of someone else in the room.

The stranger was apparently about thirty years of age, very dark, and dressed in some quaint Eastern costume.

"Good evening," said he. "It is a fine night."

"Eh, yes, quite so," said the reformer, "a very fine night. May I ask who you are, and how you came here?"

"Never mind that now," said the stranger. "I have come to see you on important business."

"Important business?"

"Yes. I want to talk to you about what you are doing—the work which fills all your thought and time. Why do you do it? Of what use is it? Don't you know that you are missing all the good things of life in pursuit of an impossible ideal?"

"How do you mean?" said the reformer.

"Well, you are devoting your life to telling people that things are not what they ought to be, that it is possible to reconstruct society on a higher basis, that squalor and poverty are not in the divine order, that they are merely products of human misunderstanding, and you are endeavouring to bring men to see that, if they would, they could alter it all. And you know they cannot—not now, at any rate. It has taken us thousands of years to reach even our present stage of civilisation. It is absurd to expect that we can jump from this to perfection by any method you may devise. You are, for instance, now trying to educate some dozen working men. You are filling their minds with your ideal, and you expect them to pass it on to others. It is silly, because both you and they are sure to be disappointed. All these things you imagine and many more will come, but only after long years."

"Really," said the reformer, "you are a horrible pessimist. Progress has been very rapid of late. Think of the development of the social consciousness within the past fifty years. Why, in another fifty from now, progressing only at the same rate, an unemployed man, a sweated woman, or a starving child will be an impossibility."

The stranger laughed, almost sadly. "You think so," said he. "I can assure you, you are wrong. It is very different from what you imagine."

"It will be, you mean," corrected the reformer.

"No, I mean it is. There is not really past or future, you know. We live in an eternal present."

"Oh, come," said the reformer, "I am not good at metaphysics. Of course there is a future."

"You do not believe me," said the stranger. "Perhaps you would like to see it."

"See the future?"

"Future, if so you like to call it. What year is it now, according to your reckoning?"

"1910."

"So! Would you like to see, say, 2000, or 2500, or 3000, or any other time?"

"Like! I would give anything to see the time when the work which, in common with every reformer, I am now doing, shall have come to its full development in a perfect society. I don't say we shall be perfect in the year 2000, but I have no doubt that even then life will be pleasant on this earth."

"Choose any three dates you like," said the stranger, "and you shall know."

"Very well. This world in 2000, 2500, and 3000."

"So be it. Look steadily into the fire. What do you see?"

"I see nothing much—perhaps a few faces, a few shapes, such as one always sees. Stay! I see—I see a bridge. It grows clearer; it is London Bridge. I see the Houses of Parliament, the Embankment. It is a night in winter; everything looks white and very beautiful. Evidently it has been snowing hard. It has stopped now, but it is cold—very cold. I hear Big Ben strike twelve. Now I see two policemen. Ah! there are some men. They look poor. See! there are more. The seats—the seats are full of them; and women—they are all pale—ghastly pale."

"You are looking at the Thames Embankment," said the stranger, "in the year of Our Lord 2000."

"Two thousand! But there is no change."

"There is no change," said the stranger. "The time is too short, evolution works infinitely slowly. Look again!"

"The Embankment has faded," said the reformer. "I am standing on the summit of a hill; at the foot is a small town. By the look of the streets and the factories I should say it was a Lancashire cotton town. There seem to be a lot of people about. It is evidently dinner-time; they are streaming out of the factories, and they are all men. That is different, anyhow; there are no women and children coming from them, although there are plenty of women and children in the streets."

"Yes," said the stranger, "that is different. But what are the factories and streets like?"

"Oh, they seem much the same as now."

"Yes," said the stranger, "they are much the same, but you are looking at that town in the year 2500. Look again."

"I see another town. It is beautifully clean, most of the people are well-dressed, there is no smoke, apparently it is a holiday by the crowds in the streets. Hello! there is an open-air meeting on, a man is standing in a large square speaking to a big audience. They are cheering."

"Listen," said the stranger, "can you hear what he says?"

"There is a confused murmur," said the reformer, "I hear nothing distinctly. Stay! I hear; he is saying that the people are oppressed, that although they have enough food, yet the conditions of life are hard, that the rich are not taking their proper share of responsibility. What a shame! He has just been stopped by two men, evidently policemen in plain clothes. He is arguing with them. He tries to speak again. They will not let him. The crowd is booing the police. It looks like trouble. One of the men has just made some sort of a signal; my word, that's quick work. There are at least 100 police there. They have dispersed the crowd and the speaker is being led away."

"Are you satisfied?" asked the stranger. "You have seen a commonplace occurrence in the year 3000. My friend, you are wasting time; give up your foolish ideas, enjoy life while you can. It is dreary enough, goodness knows, at best; leave your half-educated workmen to go their own way. You can do nothing for them. Evolution alone is on your side, and that will work with you, or without you. Not in ten thousand years will this world be perfect."

"And yet," said the reformer, "even that speaker said the people had enough to eat."

"That is so; the world progresses thus far in a thousand years; their towns are better built, slums are almost unknown, a higher standard of comfort is general, and yet you see they are not content, they still demand more."

There was a tremendous noise. The stranger vanished. The reformer woke to find someone rapping hard at his door and the sunlight streaming through the window. "Then it was all a dream," he mused, "and yet, perhaps, he was right. Progress, after all, is deadly slow, and life has many enjoyments I would gladly share. If I give up work I can have them. I can go into society. I can forget the worries and troubles of other people, and I can console myself that it will all come right some day—with me, or without me. I'll do it."

He picked up his unfinished MS. and looked at it. "Hard work and no reward you have meant for me, my friend," he said; "now we will part. You can go through the window. Good-bye." He opened the window to throw it out. As he did so, there came from the street below, the sound of a child's voice singing:—

"I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home,
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven——"

The reformer stopped. It was a little girl, dirty, ragged, thin. He put down the MS. again and went into the street. It was the old story. Father out of work, mother ill, three more little ones at home. What could he do, he, who did not believe in palliatives? Smothering a curse that such things should be, he brought the child inside, gave her food, and then went with her to the hovel she called home, stopping on the way at the butcher's, the baker's, and the greengrocer's. There he found it as she had said. Leaving some money for their present needs, and promising to call again soon, he hurried back to his study. The manuscript lay as he had left it. With a grim smile he sat down in front of it again, and wrote.

From the arm-chair on the other side of the mantelpiece there seemed to come a faint voice. "Only *so* is evolution possible."

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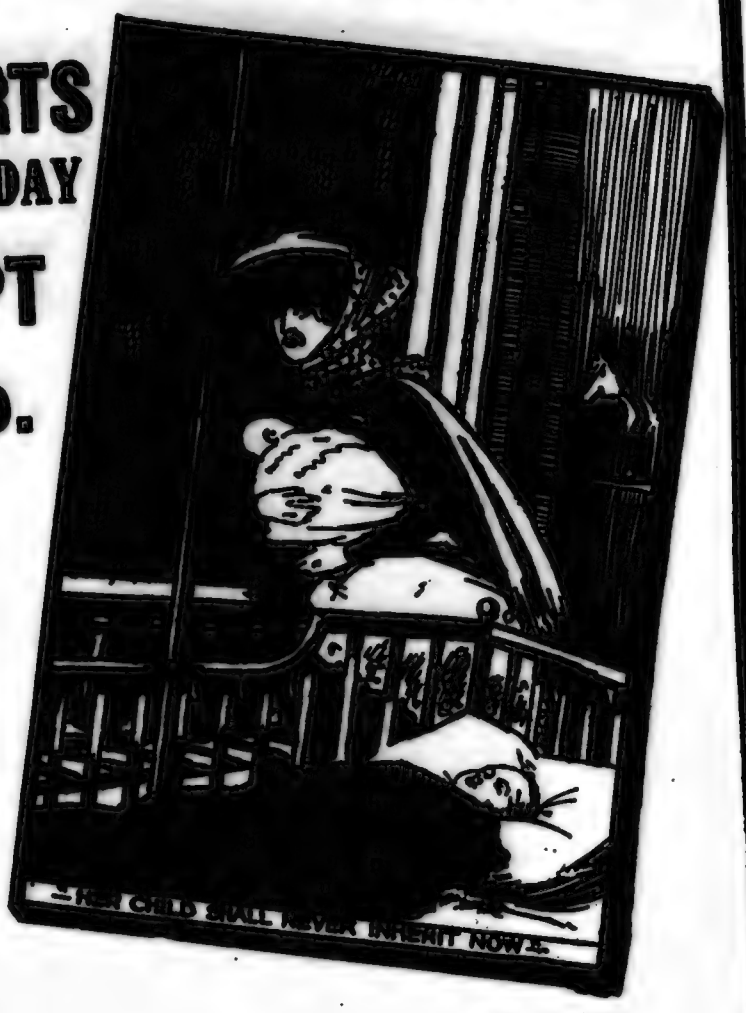

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THE NEW BOSWELL.—IX.

EDITED BY W. M.

THE SIGN OF (FORM) FOUR.

"The first to-day," I remarked, with conscious pride, as I raised my glass.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "considering the clocks have not yet struck the hour of ten, your abstemiousness is nothing to be proud of."

"Can you claim as much?" I asked.

"Sir," retorted the Doctor, "numbers are nothing to me. This (tapping his glass) I confess is not my first to-day, nor my second. But if it were my tenth it would make no odds. I am no slave to the tyranny of numbers."

"That were indeed an abject slavery," I murmured.

"True," returned Johnson; "but it is a slavery to which mankind have willingly resigned themselves for ages."

"How so?" I enquired, scenting an interesting dissertation.

"Why, sir, were not mankind for ages slaves to the so-called mystic number seven? They made a week of seven days. They talked of seven heavens. They imagined that seventy years constituted the pre-ordained limit of man's existence. In short, the number seven entered into a vast number of beliefs, superstitions, and things."

"Sevenoaks, for example," I murmured.

"The tyranny of the number seven subsequently largely gave way to that of the number three," continued the Doctor, ignoring my contribution to the discussion. "The trinity, and the three-sided figure commonly called the triangle, are still believed by many to possess mysterious properties. We read of the three wise men from the East; the three weird sisters in Macbeth; the three Graces; the three primary virtues; the three estates of the realm."

"But the threepenny bit is rapidly going out of favour—losing its circulation, figuratively speaking," I interrupted.

"Sir, there is a fashion in numbers as in everything else," retorted Johnson. "Last year, eight was the figure to conjure with. 'We want eight, and we won't wait,' was screamed by every frenzied music-hall audience and beer-soaked beanfeast party throughout England. The British people were obsessed by the cube of two. This year they are going insane over the number four. Great newspapers are opening their columns daily to the wild effusions of countless correspondents, all alike concerned about the iniquitous character of the number four. 'Form Four!' they scream, 'is the enemy. That insidious number conceals a covert attack upon our land, our pockets, and our liberties! Away with Form Four! We liked Conan Doyle's *Sign of Four*, but we hate the latest version by Lloyd George.' And, sir," concluded Dr. Johnson, "so complete is the tyranny of numbers that even the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself has to submit to it, and summon a commission to see what can be done to assuage the popular rage."

"But what is *your* candid opinion of Form Four?" I asked.

"I see no wrong in it," returned Johnson.

"No wrong in it!" I cried. "What about——"

"Sir," interposed the Doctor, "*I own no land.* Otherwise I might join mine to the popular voice. I am but human—though somewhat superior to the average."

"Confess, then," I cried, pointing my finger at him playfully, "that you are yourself the slave of a number."

"How so?" demanded the Philosopher gruffly, glaring savagely at my accusing digit.

"You are! You know you are!" I laughed, drinking off his glass of brandy punch in error—mine being done.

"Confound you, sir!" roared the Doctor, now thoroughly aroused. "You drink my liquor, and tell me I am the slave of a number. What number? I demand to know."

"Number one," I retorted, leaving to keep an important appointment.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS.

To Horace Avery, Esq., K.C.

Sir,—You have been appointed one of the new Judges, and, in ordinary circumstances, I ought to congratulate you, and the country, upon the fact. I regret that I can do neither. I wish I could feel that in these early days of our new Criminal Law procedure, a great Criminal lawyer—generously endowed with the judicial faculty; in close touch with the lives of the common people; and with the warm blood of humanity flowing in his veins, had been added to the new Court of Appeal, and to the Circuits of Criminal Assize. Such an addition is sorely needed. That you know more of the *practice* of the criminal law than most men now at the Bar is probable—but you are lamentably deficient in appreciation of its *principle*. And the explanation is simple. You have for years past been one of what is known in legal parlance as the "Treasury Gang." It has been your constant, monotonous duty to be prosecuting some poor devil or the other; and you have grown into the habit of looking upon every man in the dock as guilty, even after he has been acquitted. You have been out for convictions—as the "Treasury Gang" always are; and you have come to regard every acquittal as a miscarriage of justice. Take the Beck case. I will not dwell upon the fact that it was your objection to the admission of certain evidence tendered by the defence that led to all the trouble—although, in truth, I hold a strong view on that point; but let us come right down to the time when even the "Treasury Gang" saw it had made a terrible mistake. Would you admit it? Had you a kindly word of sympathy for the poor wretch who had been the victim of a "judicial" torture almost beyond the power of contemplation? Just let me recall an incident during the Enquiry which was held into the tragedy. You will find it on page 143 of the Report. Poor Beck gave you an opportunity of saying that, in view of certain admitted facts, your opinion, in 1896, of his guilt might have changed. He did not put his question very clearly, and you played with it, as a Treasury cat would play with a prison mouse. But Sir George Lewis was there, and he asked the question in a very concise form. "There is no objection to asking the question, I suppose?" you remarked appealingly to the Chairman, and receiving a negative reply, what did you say?—"To ask me what I thought at a particular moment in 1896 about one case out of several that I did during 1896 is an impossible question to answer, quite." And yet what a lot you *had* remembered! I wonder whether in your heart (I use the phrase in a purely colloquial sense) you *still* think him guilty?

Do you remember the case of *Rex v. Bottomley and others?* Never mind its merits or its result—another "miscarriage of justice," let us call it. But it was not a very good recommendation for a judgeship to be successively reprimanded by three different magistrates, for irregularity and loss of temper, was it? And let me recall one incident. Do you remember how when an alderman fell ill, and it became necessary to start all over again, you insisted that the proper course was for the depositions to be simply formally verified and then read over by the new magistrate? Do you remember how the defendants protested against the unfairness of this course and pleaded that the witnesses ought to be seen and heard? But you gained your point. Now, take your mind a month or two later on. You were in another case, and the same situation arose, and the same proposal was made—whereupon you are reported as protesting on the ground that it was "unfair to the defendants." You added that your "personal experience was that the same attention was not paid to read evidence as to spoken evidence"!

I could refer to the remarkable sentences passed by you last year as Commissioner of Assize, and to the remarkable address which you delivered, a few years ago, in your capacity as Recorder of Kingston, to an incoming mayor. But I have no desire to abuse what I claim to be my right to criticise your appointment. In a sentence, it has filled me with alarm—as it has filled the legal profession with amazement. I shall watch you closely, and shall watch you always with but one desire—to find that, despite the drawbacks of training and of temperament, you have been able to discard the mantle of the bitter partisan for the gown of the just judge, and the cynical smirk of the Treasury counsel for the impartial benevolence of a minister of Justice.

John Bull.

To J. Eldon Bankes, Esq., K.C., Temple, London.

Dear Eldon Bankes,—I congratulate you upon being appointed to a bench of Judges which your dignity, your good nature, your abilities and your learning will adorn. I believe you once aspired to "Parliamentary honours." Happily, you were unsuccessful. Had you been a better politician you would probably have been a worse Judge. A good politician, as politics go, is never judicial, for Party politics have as little employment for the judicial temperament as for the business instinct; and men lured into the sphere of these activities soon find they have no choice between mental slavery and revolt. You have escaped such intellectual handicaps, and I look with confidence to your appointment as marking a big accession to the Judicial Bench and as going far to counteract the scandal of some other recent elevations.

John Bull.

To Bailie Ferguson, Motherwell.

Dear Bailie,—Since I called attention to the sentence of three months' imprisonment you passed on a man for betting in the streets after your canting remark that you "hoped it would never be said of you that you were unmerciful," I have been inundated with copies of a leaflet which you have issued in your defence. I have read it with profound interest. Pray assure yourself it has not disturbed my conviction that the sentiments I previously expressed concerning you do me proud. "Bless his heart," I said; "he is only cruel to be kind." You must have a heart as tender as boiled chicken. As to your head, I make no remarks.

It is your deep pink circular which interests me most, however—I mean the one which commences "A Public Meeting will be held in the Town Hall on Tuesday, 1st, at 8, doors open at 7, to take up a collection on behalf of Bailie Ferguson *vs* the Gentles action," and ends, "Surplus Stock of Furniture for Sale at Auction Mart. No Reasonable Offer Refused. Parties with Furniture to Sell, Privately or by Public Auction, kindly give Hugie a look up, it will pay you." I cannot quite make out what the circular is all about, but the outstanding features seem to be that Hugie has been in trouble before, that he has been passing round the plate, and that he is pushing the auctioneering. The way you mix up voluntary contributions, auctioneering, and magistracy, my dear Hugie, is an art in itself. I am acquainted with magistrates of all sorts, sizes and qualities, Bailie—English, Irish, Scotch, and Hayward's Heath—but you are the first one I have seen passing a collection plate with one hand and knocking down surplus stocks of furniture with the other. Suppose you will send the bookmaker one of your catalogues when he has done his three months, in order to convince him that if he ever wants a friend you are the man who will serve him. In imagination, I can even see you selling him a second-hand piano and a bundle of tracts as soon as he gets outside the prison gates. If you can't, Hugie, I don't believe there is another magistrate on the Motherwell bench who can.

John Bull.

To George Riddick, Hairdresser, 3, Cumberland Place, Brixton; F. Barrett, 4, Cumberland Place, Brixton; Alfred Belton, Barman, Black Horse Hotel, Brixton; Walter Throne; Frank Copping; Chris Riddy, Billiard Marker, all of Brixton.

My Dear Heroes,—I have read your letter to the Press with widely open eyes. You say that you think your services ought to be recognised for having held a sheet when a girl jumped out of a window during a fire. It was certainly very brave of you to do this, and I have no evidence that your faces harmonised with your sheet in pallor. But a little more modesty would have been becoming in such heroes. I judge from the fact of your rushing into print that you imagine you have performed a doughty deed. Were you afraid that the girl might injure you in her fall? If you were, I am sure you would have said so, and thereby enhanced your merit, instead of being content to proclaim that "all the time we were having water pouring on us." Evidently that must have been an unusual as well as a distasteful experience. But what precise "recognition" do you expect as compensation for your shock? Gold Medals, or the Order of Merit, or a shilling out of the Poor-box? Or a John Bull biscuit?

John Bull.

To Mrs. Mary Bull.

Dear Mary,—How are you getting on with *Mrs. Bull?* Hear wonderful reports from the trade. Hope you won't cut me out altogether. Waiting anxiously for Tuesday, the 25th.

John Bull.

THE POLITICAL APACHE DANCE.

THE TRADES UNIONIST: "Will You Rev.rse?"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

October and "No Business"—Who is to Blame?—A Rush of Foreign Loans—South Africans and Rubbers Slowly Recovering—Oil Shares to Revive—Cheap Money and Cheap Stocks.

It is quite time that the markets should emerge from the slough of despond, for the downward movement in some of the departments of the Stock Exchange is really too absurd, and here we are getting into October, the busiest season of the year, with a total absence of the public. One cannot help blaming the jobbers who have in the Kaffir and South African markets resorted to banging tactics for which there was no occasion, and by which they themselves are now the sufferers, as they are getting "no business." The rush of foreign loans is commencing with a moderate *Chinese Railway* success, and that is where apparently the business will drift to, chiefly because no determined lead is given in the other markets. Rubber shares, after a severe shake out, now appear to be righting themselves. Oil shares have been marking time, but a revival in these will doubtless be the feature of the autumn. In Yankee Rails one does not expect any large show of business in this country, but Foreign Rails, and especially *Mexican Rails*, are in favour. *Home Rails* have continued rather dull owing to the labour troubles, and these are certainly discouraging, but with an ample supply of fairly cheap money a change for the better cannot now be far off, and investors will do well to avail themselves of the many opportunities to buy cheap stocks.

Recent New Issues and the Coming Loans.

The *malaise* which prevails in the Mining and Rubber markets has not so far affected Foreign Government stocks or the recent South American Debenture issues. The time is now approaching when many of the Foreign Loans will have to be issued, and under these circumstances it will be useful to consider in the first instance the course of prices of the issues launched during the last few months, and of which the following is a table :—

Stocks.	Price of Issue.	Amount paid.	Price, Sept. 1, 1910.	Price, Sept. 26 1910.
Antofagasta and Bolivia Rly. 5 p.c. Deb.	102½	30	3½ pm.	5 pmi
Argentine 5 p.c., 1910	101	25	Par*	7-16 pm,
Argentine G. W. Rly. 5 p.c. Deb.	108½	80	1½ pm.	1½ pm.
Brazil N. E. Rly. 6 p.c. Deb.	100	100	94	94
Brazil, Lloyd 4 p.c.	90	90	94	95
Central Arg. Rly. 4 p.c. Deb.	100	30	½ pm.	1½ pm.
Electric L. and P. of Cochabamba 6 p.c. Ln.	98	65	1½ dis.	1½ dis.
Gt. Indian Penin. Rly. 3½ p.c. Deb. ..	92	52	½ pm.	1 pm.
Grand Trunk Pacific Rly. 3 p.c.	82½	22½	½ dis.	½ dis.
Irish Land 3 p.c.	92½	52½	½ dis.	1½ dis.
Manila Rr. (S. Lines) 1 Mt. 4 p.c. G. Bds. ..	86	86	88½	88½
Newfoundland 3½ p.c. Ins.	97½	15	1½ dis.	1½ dis.
Royal Mail S.P. 5 p.c. Deb.	100	25	2½ dis.	2½ dis.
Santos (City of) 6 p.c. Loan	97	97	102	102½
Vancouver (C.) 4 p.c. Cons. Stock	100½	100½	100	100½
Vandalia Rrd. Con. Mrt. 4 p.c. G. Bonds	100½	100½	101	101

* September 7th.

It will be seen that the more important South American Railway Debenture issues are standing at good premiums, the *Antofagasta and Bolivia Debentures*, in fact, having risen of late to 5 premium. The *Brazilian* issues are also fairly steady, and almost the only loan standing at a discount is *Electric Light and Power of Cochabamba*, which stands at 1½ discount, have come out at a very inconvenient moment, and, therefore, not having been well placed. The *Grand Trunk Pacific 3½ per Cent. issue* has remained at ½ discount, there being some notion about that further loans will have to be asked for. It is not surprising that the *Irish 3 per Cent. Land Loan* should have fallen to 1½ discount, while *Manila 4 per Cent. Mortgage Gold Bonds* have been in good demand up to 88½. *Newfoundland 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock* is one of the cheapest trustee stocks on the market.

With regard to the new loans, Paris is evidently taking the lead, a *City of Paris Loan* of 235 million francs being on the tapis. This loan will have to be issued by October 15th, and then other loans will follow, both in Paris and here. Several *Brazilian Provincial Loans*, for instance, are being discussed, and a *Spanish Loan* is likely to be arranged in Paris, partly for refunding purposes and partly for obtaining new money. Messrs. Baring will possibly issue a portion of this loan in London. With regard to the *Turkish Loan*, a great deal of noise is being made by jealous Paris groups, who would be sorry to find this issue passing into the hands of an Anglo-German group. I venture to opine that Sir Ernest Cassel will arrange matters so that there will be no occasion for any of the hard words which have already been uttered. The *Pekin Hankow* is the first of three *Chinese Railway Loans* which are coming, and has already achieved a premium of 1½—¾. Russia proposes to carry out a conversion of the 5 and 4½ per cent. loans into 4 per cent., but it cannot be done until the Four per Cents. have got nearer 100, against the present price of 95, and this is, therefore, premature. The *Peruvian Loan* is still waiting for the Paris financiers to go ahead, and *India* may come out with a loan if circumstances in the Money Market should prove favourable, If not, the Council will probably be satisfied with an issue of Bills. A *New Zealand Loan* of 2 to 2½ millions sterling has been authorised, and may come out any day. It is proposed to pay for improvements therewith. A *Land Bank of Cuba* is also on the board to be issued by Messrs. Speyer and a Franco-German group. It will be seen, therefore, that there is here a plethora of loans to be brought out, and I suppose that a fair number of these will have to be disposed of before any big industrial or mining issues can be made. The terms of issue should, of course, be very carefully scanned, and I will do my best to give my readers carefully thought-out advice.

Further Realisations Depress Rubber Shares — A Moderate Recovery in Progress.

Last week has been another bad period in the Rubber share market, which is being weighe ddown by the rubbish which has accumulated as a result of many of the new concerns floated at the height of the boom, but which are now quite unmarketable. Under these circumstances the splendid dividend announcements of the high-class Malay companies have been quite without avail, and the *Rubber Plantation and Investment Trust's* new capital issue at first proved another handle for the "Bears." But the fact that the directors of this Trust, who are experts in the rubber trade, are increasing the capital by 297,000 shares, for the purpose, presumably, of acquiring further shares at the present low level, is really a "Bull" point. When it is considered that many of the high-class shares yield returns up to 15 per cent. per annum, this is evidently a new departure to be taken to heart by investors. The fall of Para rubber to 7*s.* 1½d. has, of course, to be taken into account, but if it should much further it will have the effect of reducing the collection of the wild Brazil rubber. The production of Middle East plantation rubber, on the other hand, with its low cost, which is still being reduced, is, however, steadily increasing, and the low prices should also stimulate consumption. *Anglo Malay* dropped below 23*s.*, and are now harder at 23*s.* 6d., *Linggi*, after falling to near 50*s.*, are better at 50*s.* 6d., *Vallambrosa* at 41*s.* 3d., after touching 40*s.*, while *Batu Caves* stand at 17, *Golconda* at 5½, *Golden Hope* at 5½, *Selangor* at 3½, *Cicely* at 2½ (after touching 2½). The last-mentioned company's dividend announcement is expected daily. The *Inch Kenneth* has declared a balance dividend of 50 per cent., making 100 per cent., against 5 per cent. for the previous year, yet these shares are no better than 13, and the *Federated Selangor* first interim dividend of 30 per cent. on account of the present year has not spared the shares a fall to 15½. The *Highlands and Lowlands* shares, after falling to 5 on all manner of "Bear" rumours, have recovered to 5½ on a categorical denial by the board. Enough has been said to show that the present is a rare chance for the investor to acquire cheap high-yielding shares.

Rubber and Oil Finance Corporation—What is the Value of the Shares.

A valued correspondent sends a circular which he has received from Messrs. Thomas M'Kinnon and Co., of Union Street, Glasgow, offering a few hundred shares in the Rubber and Oil Finance Corporation, Ltd., on behalf of a client who is in need of money. They make the following statement :—

> These shares, the par value of which is 5*s.*, are selling in London at 22*s.* 6d. to 25*s.*, but in order to effect an immediate sale of this parcel we are in a position to offer them at 17*s.* 6d. each. In view of the fact that this company has already paid a dividend of 25 per cent., and has since made substantial profits, which could enable it to pay a very considerable dividend before the end of the year, you will readily see that the opportunity is exceptional, etc., etc.

I have made diligent enquiry in London, and I can positively assert that these shares are *not* selling at 22*s.* 6d. to 25*s.* In the Rubber market of the London Stock Exchange there was no price to be got for them, and in the Oil share market there was a seller of 100 shares who could not find a buyer, and the only quotation I could get was 3*s.* nominal. Under the circumstances, the statement made by Messrs. M'Kinnon and Co. is extraordinary, and calls for an explanation. It is, of course, needless to advise my readers not to relieve these philanthropists of these shares at 17*s.* 6d. or any other price.

Oil Shares Affected by the Dismal Surroundings—Shell Transports Fluctuate—Maikops Marking Time.

The further fight between "Bulls" and "Bears" in *Shell Transports* has not done the market for Oil shares generally any good. The shares fell to 83, and recovered so far only to 84*s.* 6d. It is said that a big block of shares hanging over the market in Paris has yet to find a resting place. *Spies Petroleum* shares are below the best at 26*s.* 3d., and even the

Maikop group, after showing a firm front for some time, has at last had to give way somewhat. *Black Sea Prefs.* and *Ordinarics* at 1 5-16, *Anglo-Maikop at* ¾ premium, *Maikop Valley Prefs.* at 1-16 discount to par, are, however, an excellent purchase, as the Maikop region is expected to become one of the greatest oil centres. Some estimates have, in fact, been hazarded that this field will within twelve months be producing at the rate of a million tuns per annum. *Anglo-Roumanian Petroleum* shares are cheap at ½—1. Two new Roumanian oil companies are expected to be issued in the near future. *Russian Petroleum Second Debentures* are down at 57½, *British Consolidated Oils* are down at 1, and *Kern River* at 15s. 3d. *General Oil and Finance* are well supported at par, as they have several important oil flotations in hand. *Oil Development Trust* are somewhat easier at 2s. 6d.—3s., but will doubtless recover again promptly, as the company is also about to make a flotation.

Kaffir Shares Dull and Easier—Some Exaggerated Movements—General Botha to Remain Premier—Recovery Commenced in Rhodesians after Severe "Bear" Raids.

The Kaffir Circus has passed through a very dull period, but a turn cannot now be far off. Some of the dividend-paying high-class shares have also suffered, so that it is possible to buy at very low prices, and yields of from 10 to 12 per cent. per annum are to be obtained. Some of the declines take place without rhyme or reason, such as, for instance, a fall in *Bantjes* from 2 5-16 to 2 on "Bear" rumours which have been categorically contradicted by the leading South African house. Similarly *Modderfontein* have been knocked down to 11 13-16, and a general sagging movement has left its impress upon the whole list, partly, perhaps, on the abandonment of the September options, in consequence of which the option dealers have sold the stock bought. The report that General Botha would not remain Premier of the Union of South Africa had also created an uneasy feeling, but it has been emphatically contradicted by a cable from Sir Joseph Robinson to the *Times*. There is nothing wrong with the Botha Cabinet or with the Rand, as the recent output for August showed, and better results are to follow. With regard to Rhodesians, too, the turn appears to have come after all the "Bear" rumours, which frightened a good many holders into selling their *Rhodesian Exploration and Development* shares, and the shares in the amalgamated companies. Some shares, too, were thrown overboard by needy holders, mostly Continental, of interests in *Gold Schists of Rhodesia, Shamva Trusts, Etna Developments* and *Bankets*, because, forsooth, they would, after the confirmation of the development this week, not be able to sell for cash again until the special settlement in *Rhodesia Exploration*. But the worst is now over, and a steady recovery in these shares and in *Chartered, Tanks, Mapeke, Hay Mines*, etc., as well as West Africans, may now be expected.

The Chillagoe Company—Remarkable Progress.

Latest cable advices from Chillagoe are very favourable, and it appears that the water has now been pumped out of the Zillmanton Mine, although it is considered advisable to allow the lode to drain for five or six weeks. The third furnace has now been started at the smelting works, in order to get rid of the large accumulation of ore. This, of course, means that the output and profits of the Company will be increased by 50 per cent. It was obviously very important that the shaft on the Zillmanton Mine should be unwatered, as from this shaft it is intended to work the large ore body already disclosed. In re-opening the old workings, in addition to 18,000 tons of ore running 4.6 per cent. of copper between the 250 and 350 feet levels, there is also a large amount of ore remaining in the stope between the 160 and 250 feet levels, which will be worked and which is supposed to amount to 20,000 tons, assaying between 5 and 6 per cent. of copper. The directors' report, which has just been received from Melbourne, fully confirms the figures which I have already mentioned, and gives ample information concerning the numerous valuable mines owned by the Company, while in the course of a few days the full report of the meeting of shareholders will have been received here, which should make very interesting reading, as the Chairman has felt himself justified in speaking in a very optimistic vein. This is not surprising, as for the last four weeks the results of the smelter were 333 tons of copper, 310 tons of lead, 48,699 ounces of silver, and 1,329 ounces of gold. Reckoning that these amounts will be increased by 50 per cent., it is obvious that the Company is making remarkable progress, and I am fully confirmed in my view that Chillagoe shares, which have been fluctuating between 6s. 6d. and 7s., will go to a very much higher price. They should at least reach par, the shares being of 10s. denomination with 9s. paid.

A Chapter on Drapery Investments.

I have of late received so many inquiries from investors for drapery stocks, which they think are very attractive, that I have thought well to draw up a table of suitable stocks, with their yield:—

	Share.	Dividend p.c.	Lowest, 1910.	Buying price.	Yield p.c. per ann. £ s. d.
John Barker Ord.	£1	2/-	26/6	1⅛	6 3 6
Do. Pref.	£5	5½	5½	6	4 11 6
Bon Marche 1st M. Deb.	Stk.	4½	105½	107	4 4 3
Dickins and Jones Pref.	£5	5	98½	6	4 3 9
Evans, D. H. and Co.	£1	17½	48/9	2½	6 1 3
Do. Pref.	£1	6	25/-	1⅝	4 7 6
Do. Founders	£1	2/7	31/3	1 15-16	6 8 9
Gorringe (Frederick)	£1	5	15/-	¼	5 14 3
Harrod's Stores	£1	28	90/-	5⅛	5 9 9
Do. Pref.	£5	5	5⅛	6 3-16	4 2 3
Do. Founders	£1	49	7⅛	8⅝	5 14 3
Hope Bros.	£1	5	13/-	13-16	6 3 3
Jones and Higgins	£1	13	36/10½	2	6 10 0
Liberty Pref.	£10	6	13	14	4 5 3
Maple Ord.	£1	12½	40/-	2½	5 17 0
Do. Pref.	£1	6	23/9	1⅝	4 7 9
Marshall and Snel. 1st M. Deb.	Stk.	4½	99	101	4 5 9
Nicholsons	£1	7½	20/-	1 3-16	6 6 3
Paquin	£1	15	50/-	1 13-16	8 5 0
Plummer Roddis	£1	5	12/6	⅜	6 13 6
Redfern Pref.	£10	6	8⅝	9⅛	6 6 6
Robinson and Cleaver Pref.	£1	5	15/-	15-16	5 6 9
Rotherham (Jeremiah)	£1	7	23/9	1 11-32	5 4 3
Spencer Turner and Boldero	£5	6	92/6	4 15-16	6 1 0
Stagg and Mantle	£1	7	—	1	7 0 0
Swan and Edgar	£1	12½	35/-	2 1-16	6 7 3
Wallis (Thomas)	£7	1	22/6	1½	5 12 0
Whiteley (William)	£1	5½	11/10½	11-16	8 0 3

I may mention that the following interim dividends have just been announced:—*D. H. Evans* 5 per cent. actual, *D. H. Evans Founders* 8d. per share, *John Barker Ordinary* 8d. per share actual, and *Stagg and Mantle* 6d. per share actual. These are the same amounts as paid a year ago, so that evidently there is every prospect of the final dividends also being maintained. Such yields as upwards of 6 per cent. to be obtained in *John Barker Ordinary, D. H. Evans and Co. Ordinary, Jones and Higgins* 6½ per cent., *Nicholsons* £6 6s. per cent., *Swan and Edgar* £6 7s. per cent., are indeed very attractive, while still better results are at present obtainable in *D. H. Evans Founders, Redfern Prefs.*, etc. *William Whiteley, Limited*, have greatly pleased their shareholders by declaring a first dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, or 2½ per cent. actual, and provided that this dividend is maintained, the present price would yield something like 8 per cent. per annum, which is also obtainable in Paquin. It will be seen that prices are now on the up-grade from the lowest points touched this year, and given a settlement of the various labour troubles, which seems close at hand, prices will go still higher. Finally, I would advise those of my readers who wish to invest in drapery shares, in which evidently a revival is making itself felt, to spread the sum which they wish to place over say half-a-dozen different issues, as in that way they will render their investment much safer.

Postscript, Monday Night.

Politics and monetary developments have played havoc with the markets to-day. In the first instance, a rise in the German bank rate—which was not, however, unexpected—caused a lot of selling from Berlin, and knocked down Consols here to the record low level of 80 1-16. Americans, however, emancipated themselves from this influence, on support given for the purpose of facilitating the placing of the new Union Pacific Railroad issue announced to-night of 1½ millions sterling 4 per cent. First Lien and Refunding Mortgage Bonds at 97½. Reports of the Turko-Roumanian military convention having actually been signed was the political trouble, and more especially affected Trunks. Both influences together put down South African Mines, which, moreover, were predisposed to dulness by the Stock Exchange and Bourse Settlements both in London and on the Continent. Diamonds have been comparatively steady, to-night's dividend announcement of the De Beers of 20 per cent., equivalent to 10s. per share, on the Deferred shares. The weakness of West Africans on the Wassau meeting was another unpleasant feature, but the misfortunes of one mine should not affect the progress of the rest of the goldfield, and after the settlements are all surmounted, we shall probably have a vigorous recovery all round, in which Rubber and Oil shares will, no doubt, also be features.

MRS. BULL'S "DAY OUT."

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25th.

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(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, John Bull, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

Barberton.—*N.* (Fleetwood).—(1) Do you mean the Barberton Exploring and Development Company? If so, the following are the particulars you require:—(a) £110,000. (b) 10s. (c) Issued credited as 8s. 6d. paid to shareholders in former company. (5) No market; and I do not advise a purchase of the shares.

Mines, Rubbers, Oils.—Brunswick.—Upon the whole, your holdings are not a bad lot, but, unfortunately, you have bought at the top, and there has been a reaction. Your only course now is to hold on, pending a recovery. You did rightly in averaging No. 7, and when the turn comes, you might do the same in Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, 8. As regards the Mexican Mines, Nos. 14 and 15, these are at present upset by the weakness of Mexico El Oros, but should brace up again presently, when market conditions become more settled.

Dolok Rubber Estates.—A. G. G.—A fair company of the kind. (2) You had better hold on the chance of an improvement in the market. The statutory meeting has already been held.

Measures Bros.—Duped.—What the shareholders should do is to band together in order to carry the matter further. One shareholder can do little, but if the general body make their voices heard, it is possible that the Board of Trade will carry the matter further in the way you suggest. Why not get into communication with your fellow-shareholders with this end in view?

P.O. Savings Bank.—H. B.— If *both* accounts are in your name, this would apparently not be in order.

Charter Trusts.—Frank.—A fair holding amongst Rhodesians, and likely to move with the rest of the market. The company carries on chiefly a trust and agency business in connection with the field of operations of the British South Africa Company.

Belmont Mining Company, Limited.—H. F. J.—I have made every inquiry on the Stock Exchange, and find that the Belmont Mining Company of Idaho is not known here, and that there is no market for the shares. It is impossible to find out whether there may be some value in the shares over in the States. You would have to make your enquiry in New York or Boston, or in Idaho itself.

Small Investments.—D. C. E. (Cardiff).—(1) Not desirable. (2) There is no market for the shares, and not likely to be. If only from this point of view, it is far preferable to invest in sound and marketable securities yielding from 4 to 5 per cent. per annum. Magneto.—When I point out to you that the greater the yield the bigger the risk, you will be able to appreciate the point I wish to make, and act accordingly. Canny Scott.—Only for very small amounts. The higher the yield the greater the risk.

El Mayo.—Hydro.—There are rumours of reconstruction, but nothing definite yet. Pending an official announcement, hold your shares, but do not average yet.

Rubbers, Kaffirs.—Fechan.—(1) With regard to these two Rubber shares, the heavy fall is certainly disquieting, but I learn that some important developments are pending, and you should await the same. (2) When the Kaffir market generally braces up, Steyns will no doubt also go better. Hold.

Colonial Bonds.—Optimist.—The two bonds in question are quite safe, and you could always dispose of them in the market, when you wanted. There should be no difficulty in transferring the money from the Post Office.

Gilt-edged Securities.—Black Cat.—What are termed "gilt-edged securities" are British and Colonial Government stocks, the yield from which, however, does not exceed about 3½ per cent. per annum. The next grade of stocks—which, however, are quite sound—yield from 4 to 5 per cent. per annum, and include, for instance, London, Chatham and Dover Railway Debenture stocks, and leading Home Rail Preferences.

Two Industrials.—Electra (Cobham).—(1) These publishing shares are speculative, and you should take an early opportunity of getting rid of them. (2) Yes, a fair holding of the kind. I note your remarks about the Hotel Debenture in question.

£300 for Investment.—Stan.—Nos. 1 and 2 are fair holdings, but I do not recommend the other investment, for the same reasons as I mentioned in my reply to "Magneto" above.

Investment.—Ay Gee.—Put the money into the P.O. Savings Bank until it reaches a fair sum, and then invest in sound securities, such as leading Home Railway stocks. A. G. N.—Same reply in every respect as to "Ay Gee."

Great Eastern.—A. A.—Undoubtedly, if the labour troubles were settled, and of which there is now a fair prospect, there would be a sharp rise in all Home Rails, the position of which is in other respects most promising. It is worth while holding on for the same.

Copper Shares.—D. G. (Glasgow).—These Copper shares are not held in high estimation here, and to join the reconstruction looks like throwing good money after bad.

Rubbers.—G.J.S.—This trust company is of fairly good standing, and the shares are quoted at about par. You must please yourself in the matter, and I cannot tell you when the directors will make the next call. W. S. P.—This Rubber concern is in bad odour, and I myself do not think much of it. As, however, there is no market for the shares, you have no option but to hold. Nemo.—I think the only plan is to await developments, but I would not recommend averaging yet. Thanks for your kind reference as to the appreciation of my pages.

Rubbers and Oils.—G. H.—(1) Hold Petroleum Options, the latest news from which is very encouraging. (2) Also keep these Rubber shares, regarding which some important developments are expected shortly. (3) Consult my articles. X. Y. Z.—Of the Rubber and Oil shares mentioned I prefer Garings (1) and Oil Development Trust (2). As regards the latter question, you would do far better by putting the money into Home Rails, which are considerably undervalued at present.

Hotel Shares.—Beulah.—My opinion of both issues is the reverse of favourable. Moreover, there is no quotation for either.

Midland Railway, W.A. Debentures.—Roma.—(1) The capital reorganisation scheme which has just been put forward explains the activity in these Income Debentures. The scheme seems to be an acceptable one. (2) Hold, but do not average, until, at any rate, the market takes a turn for the better.

Books on Company Formation, Etc.—Frow.—You had better apply to Messrs. Effingham Wilson, of Threadneedle Street, E.C., who publish such books.

Outside Brokers.—W. H. S. (Southampton).—I am not surprised at all at the result of what you call an investment of £10 with the outside firm you mention. All I can tell you is not to do it again, and take no notice of these touting circulars of outside brokers. When you have a fair amount of money available, invest it in sound securities through a member of the Stock Exchange. What you require has been forwarded, but you will have to invest at least £25 at a time.

Premium Bonds.—New Reader.—No, I do not consider these people reliable, and I send you the name of a respectable firm, to whom you had better write asking for the information which you require. You will find a price list enclosed. G. E. S. (Airdrie).—Messrs. Effingham Wilson, of Treadneedle Street, are well-known publishers of such books as you want, and you should write for their catalogue. What you require has been forwarded. J. B. (Meerut, India).—Have nothing to do with this concern or their agents, as they are in the habit of charging prices far above the market level. What you require has been forwarded in your envelope. Aubrey.—There would be no liability about these Premium Bonds. (1) Ask the firm whose name I send for the reply. (2) This has been forwarded as requested. W. H.—Under the circumstances, your best plan would be to consult the firm of foreign bankers whose address I send you by post. W. Y.—I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with the concern in question, who have the reputation of charging much above market price for many of these bonds. If you wish to deal in Premium Bonds, you should employ a respectable firm of foreign bankers in London, whose address I am sending you, and they will also be able to advise you with regard to which of the bonds to buy. I do not think much of the credit bonds.

Continental Lotteries.—Heather.—I cannot undertake to obtain Foreign State lottery tickets for you, as these are illegal in this country. It is possible only, moreover, to deal through intermediaries, so-called bankers, really small agents, who are often shady. E. B. (Notting Hill Gate).—You had better send to your friend who sent you the ticket of the Brussels Exhibition lottery for the particulars. According to the previous reply, I cannot help you in the matter any further, nor will any business firm in London do so. It was only the other day that the police closed one of these offices, where Paris lottery tickets had been for sale. The ticket is returned to you. Lottery.—Please to read the explanation given in the two previous answers. It is quite impossible for me to assist you to take foreign lottery tickets, or to give you the names of intermediaries, who might be shady. If you have a small sum of money to invest, you had better put it into sound stocks, like Home Rails, etc.

Canadian General Electrics.—Secure.—(a) Yes, the Canadian General Electric Company is quite safe and doing a large and progressive business. You should hold, as in the present state of prosperity in Canada dividends will probably be increased. (b) No. (c) The price is now 110½ ex dividend, and should go higher.

Oil Shares.—J. V.—Amongst Maikop Oil shares, I do not recommend International or Maikop and European General Trust. (2) I think that the following shares are far preferable, and you should make your selection from these:—Black Sea Oilfields Prefs. at 1¾—1 5-16, ditto Ordinary 1¾, Maikop Valley Prefs. at about par, or London and Maikop Corporation at 1-16 premium. (3) What you require has been forwarded, and you need only enquire in that quarter with regard to the further information you require.

Skating Rink.—Doubtful (Salop).—I really cannot answer the question directly whether the directors of this skating rink are "straight." Unfortunately, the skating mania seems to be on the decline, and if these rinks should go altogether out of fashion, it would not mend matters were the directors ever so straight. G. B. S. (Birmingham).—You are, of course, aware that many of the skating rinks have proved unsuccessful, the craze being over. (2) I think you had better write to the secretary for information, as very little is known about the concern. (3) There is no market for the shares on the London Stock Exchange.

Rails, Mines.—Nero.—(1) As you sold cum dividend, you must, of course, refund this amount to the purchaser, but not until you actually receive the same yourself. (2) These Kaffirs have gone down with the rest of the market, and should not be sold now. (3) 18.; the decline has been a sympathetic movement with other markets. (4) No quotation at present.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

Purchase of Annuity.—B. F. (Leeds).—We do not think you could do better or get more elsewhere.

Two Policies.—J. T. (Wallington).—We think you could do much better by going to a company of more assured standing.

National Commercial Insurance Company.—F. B. (Glasgow).—This concern has nothing to do with the Commercial Union Assurance Company, of high standing. Our information is that the business of the National Commercial Assurance Company—which, by the way, was only formed in August of last year—is to advance money upon security, and to receive it back by easy instalments to suit the borrower's convenience. But before agreeing to advance the money they insist upon a deposit, together with their surveyor's fees. We are not in a position to recommend the company.

Provident Association of London.—J. T. T. (Birmingham).—We do not agree with you about the Association. You say that you have nearly £60 locked up in it, but that does not warrant your denouncing it in the language you use in your letter. You appear to be one of the large class of people who take out certificates without troubling to master the conditions upon which they are issued. If you can show us any case in which the Association has fallen short of its undertaking, we will go carefully into the matter, and do what we can to right it; but you prove nothing when you say that you have taken out a 30 years' bond, and, wishing to sell it before it matures, you cannot obtain as much as you have paid the Association.

Insurance of Indians by Australians.—H. A. (Brockley).—We do not see how an Australian Life Assurance Company could be prevented from canvassing for life assurance in India because the Australian Government place difficulties in the way of Indian emigrants to the Commonwealth.

London, Edinburgh and Glasgow Insurance Company.—H. J. S. (Portsmouth).—If you work it out, we think you will find that the gain from transfer would not be what your friend suggests.

Status of Company.—Truster (Plymouth).—It is not high. As to payments to continue to the liquidator, it must be obvious that it is not desirable to insure in a company where that contingency has to be considered. H. M. (Highgate).—It is a good office.

Salvation Army Assurance Society.—M. B. (Hampstead).—The society does a large business, but we cannot recommend it, its management being, in our opinion, open to serious criticism. We do not think you can expect to get the immediate return of the money you have paid.

Refuge Assurance Company.—E. W. (Finsbury).—Other companies would be more suitable for your purpose. H. J. (Nuneaton).—What is the ground upon which the Company refuse to recognise your claim?

We must remind correspondents who wish replies to their questions upon insurance that these replies can only be given if the fee of 1s. is enclosed.

What is Your Number?

See Page ii. of Cover.

Method and Money.

IN every branch of human endeavour success is only to be achieved by method, logically applied and based upon experience, foresight, and sound principles. In no field of enterprise is this more apparent than in stock and share transactions. It is method that has made the colossal fortunes of the world, and the method that spells success in stock and share dealing is that which is adapted with unremitting watchfulness to the special needs and circumstances of the hour. This calls for the expert knowledge which marks the specialist. It is the method and the man behind it. When financial theorists set out to show their qualification for money-making, the question is: Does it work out in actual practice? The test of any system is its Practicability.

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NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

has, by the modern system of money-making,
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Those words bear indisputable proof of the practical working of a perfected system. They eloquently testify to the fact that we have reduced the complex business of successful financial operations to the simplicity of the everyday business transaction. What was once the exclusive privilege of the few, the wealthy financiers, is now the opportunity of every man and woman desirous of taking advantage of what may not inaptly be termed

The Royal Road to Money-making

Whether you have already indulged in an occasional deal in stock, or have not yet found the suitable opportunity, or whether you have never given it a thought at all, you have never realised the potentialities of this the most lucrative of enterprises until you have read that valuable little book on a very big subject

The Modern System of Money-making

Our booklet will set you thinking, for it shows you HOW to make money. The "when" is after you have read it. The "where" is through us. Our business and our methods are distinctive and individual. The amount we have paid away to clients is the hall-mark of our individuality, and these are the tokens of it. We are daily paying

HUGE SUMS TO GRATIFIED CLIENTS.

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THE MODERN SYSTEM OF MONEY-MAKING.

TO THE SECRETARY, NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making" which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay to clients £420,360

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title)

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

.....

(Please write distinctly.)

J.B.
1/10/10.

DATE.....

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THE GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.

SHIRKING THEIR RISKS.

We have received the following complaint, which seems to us to have considerable substance in it:—

The Gas Light and Coke Co. are sending round to every penny-in-the-slot consumer an agreement, which they leave one day and call for the next day. This agreement briefly amounts to this—that should the meters be broken or robbed or any of their (company's) fittings be stolen, the consumer is to be liable to make good the amount of damage done. I, personally, have refused to sign this, as I think it is most unfair to the consumer. The meters and fittings belong to the gas company, and you pay perpetually 10d. per 1,000 feet of gas for use of these fittings. The consumer can never own them himself. Then the consumer has all the worry and trouble of minding the company's money, and if he is out at work all day, and in his absence the meter is robbed, he is bound by this contract to pay for what he has already paid. I have written a very strong letter to the gas company about this, and I stated to them: "Surely amongst a big firm like the Gas Light and Coke Co., Ltd., there is someone with brains enough to devise a scheme to prevent these petty thefts." I also suggest, cannot they (the company) afford to insure themselves against this loss? I can insure myself for 12 months for £50 against robbery on payment of 2s. annually. The collector told me that during this year, 1910, he has had reported to him 370 robberies in Kentish Town alone, and in the majority of cases the consumer has had to pay. I certainly think everyone ought to be advised through your paper, of the evils of signing this contract. The company would soon drop it if everybody refused to sign.

ANNOUNCING KING GEORGE'S ACCESSION.

HOW IT STRUCK AN ENGLISH VISITOR IN STOCKHOLM.

A lady reader writes as follows:—

With regard to your recent remark upon the subject of missions now at various Courts *re* King George's Accession, I was in Stockholm when Lord Granard and party drove from the Grand Hotel to the Palace. They certainly made a fine show and looked very pretty, but I was ashamed to hear the various remarks on the absurdity of the thing.

Cannot a protest be made against any such further waste of money for the future? I am very loyal and very conservative, but the amusement and contempt shown by the people of all the nations at Stockholm at the time was very galling to me. A Swede remarked to me that "Our King will feel very annoyed that the papers have not mentioned this matter before."

An American said, "Waal, I guess it would have been cheaper to send a letter, and the King of Sweden would have known sooner of the death of King Edward."

Another American said: "I guess the King will be very mad that they did not tell him before."

These and similar remarks were very annoying, although I could not wonder at all.

MESSRS. GREGORY LOVE AND CO., LTD., AND THEIR EMPLOYEES.

Apropos our "Open Letter" to Messrs. Gregory Love and Co., in our last issue, we have received a letter from the firm, from which we extract the following paragraphs. We are always ready to give both sides of a question:—

The statement, which we agree at sight appears to be a bald one, as statements do when given without explanation in evidence, did not in itself convey the actual wording of the resolution as passed by our Board.

The resolution as passed by our Board was, to use your own words, "due to the special circumstances in which our business is necessarily conducted" at the present time.

You may be interested to know that out of the nineteen positions in our firm suitable for men as apart from boys, youths and juniors, twelve are occupied by married men, the remaining seven being occupied by unmarried men, who have been with us some years and have never evidenced a desire to get married.

These nineteen men have been in our employ for periods ranging from 43 to 9 years.

SELFRIDGE'S OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

Riding Breeches

—that Horsemen will greatly appreciate—breeches that are cut correctly for saddle work, that fit to perfection, that are Ready-for-Service.

Riding breeches are beyond the ordinary Tailor. He simply doesn't know how. The breeches we refer to are made by men of the Beaufort Hunt Country, who make nothing else but breeches for habitual horsemen. It is their one work. They excel in it.

Riding Breeches in whipcord, exactly fitting, and strapped leather. 20/-

In Better quality Riding Tweeds, strapped at knees with Buckskin. 30/-

In finest West of England Riding Tweeds, strapped buckskin. 40/-

Patterns on Application—Post Free.

Selfridge & Co. Ltd.

Summits SHAPE 24

IT is careful attention to details that makes "Summits" stand out superior to the usual run of collars. Shape 24 is an excellent exemplar of this. The elongated effect of the square points gives an appearance of greater depth than is actually there; the rounded tabs are easier for buttoning; and the width of stitching is in proportion to the depth—small details, but just the little niceties that constitute "Summit" superiority.

SIX for THREE shillings. Samples 6½d.

Three CITY shops: AUSTIN REED *Ltd.* 13 FENCHURCH STREET · 5 St. Mary Axe 157a Cheapside London

MODERN MEN.

By MARY MEADOWS.

V.—HIS OWN WORST ENEMY.

If I were preaching about him, I should take my text from Job xxxix., 25: "He saith among the trumpets Ha, ha." For whenever he meets an acquaintance, he immediately bursts into roars of delight, rubbing his hands, bubbling over with ejaculations. I believe he is always overjoyed to see anybody. The reason is that, when he is alone, he has time to think.

Once upon a time, he must have been very good-looking. In his pre-alcoholic days, when he played cricket instead of attending race-meetings, when the Bar interested him more than bars, I am sure I should have longed to kiss him all day long. As it is, I often want to stroke his plump cheeks.

But I don't much like being seen about with him, though he can order lunch better than anybody I know. He ought to be put into the hands of a good valet for a couple of hours before he goes out with a lady. Not that he has given up tubbing. Tradition is too strong for that, and he still smells clean if you don't mind the fumes of good whisky or a pot-pourri of Havana. But his hair cries for shampoo, machine-brushes, Portugal water; his moustache straggles, especially at the hour of soup; his nails need clipping, polishing, filbert-shaping.

He likes talking about money, and I know no one who can do it so agreeably. It appears that he has only £1,200 a year. In my innocence, I used to think that £1,200 a year was a goodly heritage, at least a modest competence. But, as he has pointed out, it means only about £3 6s. a day; lunch for two or three people means at least £1, though it be modest; £2 is not extravagant for dinner; then there is only six shillings left for rent, taxes, wages, and CHARITY. The last word rather puzzled me, but I found it meant the refreshment of all his friends. He must be with someone all the time, and he finds the easiest way to attract them is to pay for their liquor. So you see that the odd six shillings doesn't go very far.

He is a reckless and unlucky gambler, does not know how to refuse a loan or make a bargain, and is consequently always in difficulties. He is the ideal client for money-lenders, for they know he must pay them eventually. They tumble over each other to accommodate him at sixty per cent., and all the time he can spare from houses of call is devoted to the ante-chambers of Shylock. When he is running short of ready money, he grows utterly reckless of consequences. One of his favourite methods is to draw a cheque for £5 to-day; then draw another the day after to-morrow, get someone to cash it, and pay the money into the bank. He calls this pastime "chasing cheques," and he fondly imagines that his bank has no inkling of his methods.

He always agrees when I tell him that he ought to pull himself together, but I am sure he never will. He has lost the sense of time as well as of decency. He can't keep an appointment, because he gets carried away by the amusements of the moment. He may be due somewhere at 4 p.m., and punctuality may mean £100 a year, or, what he considers far more important, £10 in ready money. But if he meets two or three men at 3.30, and they are ready to drink with him, or tell him risky stories, or play at shove-halfpenny, he will dawdle in their company till long past dinner-time.

He is not naturally a bibulous person, but he is a born boon companion. Once upon a time he had a strong head, and the worst of it is that he thinks he has still. I remember one afternoon I was walking down Piccadilly with two girls. "Oh! do look," one of them exclaimed, nudging me, "did you ever see a man quite so tipsy? See how he reels about. Ha! ha! he has just missed that lamp-post. . . ." I was careful not to tell them that the bousy one was an old friend of mine. Another time, I saw him make three separate attempts to enter a shop. Twice he lurched into a different wall. Then he drew himself back, stood up, tottering solemnly, made a sudden bee-line into the window and banged his nose. After this, he gave up the effort in despair.

The only thing that might save him would be a happy marriage, and I have my doubts about that. At any rate, I shall not be the damsel to attempt his reformation.

MARY MEADOWS WILL BE A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR TO "MRS. BULL."]

ARE YOU TOO THIN?

How I Increased My Weight by over 28lb. and Vastly Improved My Health and Appearance.

FREE TREATMENT AND A VALUABLE BOOK FOR THE THIN, THE FEEBLE, AND THE NERVOUS.

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!" How often do we hear this remark spoken in irony. And the phrase is bitingly true and suggestive.

Everyone must admit that the man who has first cured himself of some particular malady must of necessity be a better "guide, philosopher and friend" to his fellow-sufferers than the man of mere theories or of any exclusive "school" of medicine.

TOO THIN—TOO MISERABLE.

How I am going to tell the readers of JOHN BULL how I transformed myself from a lean, cadaverous, emaciated individual into a well-proportioned, normal man, enjoying the best of health, and brimful of the joy of life.

Too Thin—Too Miserable.

Like all unduly thin people, I was hypersensitive about my personal appearance. At college I was a permanent target for the wit of my fellow-students.

The thought then suggested itself to me that there must be some thousands of other men and women suffering the same agonies as I endured, and whilst continuing my studies as a medical student I determined then and there to specialise in the physiology of digestion, with special reference to assimilation and nutrition, so that I myself might "put on flesh." Now, after many years of special study and experiment, I can proudly say that I have discovered a safe, speedy, scientific, and simple method of producing firm, healthy muscular tissue and plumpness.

A NERVE-INVIGORATING PROCESS.

My studies and experiments had convinced me that the REAL CAUSE of all undue leanness in people is mal-assimilation and mal-nutrition, caused by LACK OF NERVE FORCE. Emaciation and attenuation are not questions either of appetite or digestion, but ARISE FROM SHEER LACK OF NERVE-FORCE.

This, I may say, I have fully described and explained in my new book, entitled "Emaciation—Cause and Treatment."

THE MAN who is too thin is invariably a muscleless, anxious, emaciated, neurasthenic type, incapable either of carrying out the duties of life with vigour and courage or of enjoying its pleasures to the fullest and healthiest degree.

THE WOMAN who is too thin, is anæmic, nervous, worrying, wanting in self-confidence, and is handicapped alongside her plump, self-confident rival, who is bubbling over with animal spirits and vitality.

In fact, the too-thin type of person is deficient in nerve-force and vital power. MY TREATMENT IS ESSENTIALLY A NERVE RESTORING AND NERVE-INVIGORATING process.

ALL THIN PEOPLE CAN PUT ON FLESH.

Under my Treatment ALL thin people—whether their loss of flesh is due to overwork, worry, social exactions, immoderate or careless living, neurasthenic depression, or is associated with any other exhausting cause—can put on flesh and gain in health, strength, and vitality. Even those who are still losing flesh are enabled not only to regard the WASTING and WEAKENING process of EMACIATION, but to quickly regain their normal condition and weight.

To convince you of the truth of these statements I make the following offer:—

No. 1. I will send you a course of treatment, consisting of my NERVE FOOD, sufficient for FOURTEEN DAYS, together with my book, entitled **FREE** *I can do for you what I have done for others. This lady gained 28lb. in a few weeks.*

No 2. "EMACIATION: CAUSE AND CURE."

All I ask on your part is to enclose P.O. for sixpence with your application, to cover cost of postage, etc. My book explains my theory of scientific flesh-building and nerve-feeding fully. It cannot be described in detail here, but the following are a few of the contents:—

1. Mal-Assimilation and Mal-Nutrition.
2. Getting a Beautiful Figure.
3. Women who are Attractive.
4. Men who Dominate.
5. The Essence of Life.
6. Neurasthenic Men and Women.
7. Woman at her Best.
8. The Fuller Life.

Send P.O. for 6d. and immediately begin to put on flesh.

Address: A. GORDON WALLACH. 42, Kingsway House, Kingsway, London W.C.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Ghoulish Head-gear.

I know this isn't an age very remarkable for good taste, and am willing to admit that I, like everybody else, get fairly used to vulgarity of deed, dress, and sentiment, and have almost ceased to chide at it. But even I was astonished the other day on opening the Autumn catalogue of a very well-known firm of drapers, situated not far from a well-known cathedral, to see that they advertised a motor-bonnet as the "Le Neve," and another hat as the "Elmore." Comments upon a case still in the course of being tried are manifestly impossible, but comments upon this kind of glorification of the ghastly, tragic, and perhaps infinitely pathetic, are beyond human resistance. Are there, then, women so heartless that they will be attracted by its title to wear a bonnet called after an arraigned girl, whose sufferings are now going on? And will coquetry reach so ghoulish a stage that it can deck itself in millinery supposed to be like that of a sister presumably done to death? Our grandmothers had finer feelings. When the two murderers, John and Catherine Manning, were brought to trial in the "forties" for the deliberate shooting and kitchen burial of their guest and friend, the woman was wearing a black satin gown. She had once been the maid of the then Duchess of Newcastle, and the dress had been given to her by her mistress. From jail she appealed to the Duchess to use her influence with Queen Victoria for a reprieve, but to no purpose. In revenge, therefore, she was hanged in the Duchess's satin dress—in those days criminals might choose their execution clothes—with the result that black satin went out of fashion for years. Nobody would wear it, and it only really came in again long after, at the Queen's own widowhood, when Catherine Manning and her bit of scaffold spite were forgotten.

The Strike of the Teachers.

The grievance of the trained, but unemployed, teachers turned out year by year from the L.C.C. colleges is a very real one, and I am glad to hear that they are to hold another huge mass-meeting of protest against their treatment. Young women and men of the lower classes or lower middle classes are encouraged from childhood to gain scholarships for college training in the Council schools they attend; and this, often with great effort, they accomplish. Several years are then taken up by the college training (teachers' colleges), during which time very often poor and struggling artizan parents have to provide clothes, board and lodging for the would-be teachers. But it is when the college course is finished that the real struggle begins. The now qualified teachers, girls and men, set to work to apply for the teacherships they were supposed to be required for, only to find that for every one post vacant there is an average of 400 people requiring it. The girls are very brave—I have talked to many—and after months of useless letter-writing, semi-starvation, and almost begging for posts, many of them quietly give up the thing they have spent their ardent "teens" trying to attain, and, with a sigh, take up other and more menial employment. "It's not so bad for us as for the men," they say, patiently; "we can turn our hands to tea-shops, or counter serving, or 'companion,' or even nurse-maids' posts." Nevertheless it is hard indeed for a capable and trained young mistress, with her good, all-round knowledge of practical studies, her powers at physical drill and sports (often really considerable), her demonstrations of music, languages, literature, and the firm and kindly training of the young, to have to serve in a tea-shop for a starvation wage! Indeed it is a tragedy. And every thinking woman will support the brave girls and young men who are now protesting openly against the heartless action of the educational authorities in this matter. It is high time we had women at the head of these things!

Preserving Autumn Sprays.

Now that the leaves of beech and oak are just beginning to turn colour, and are merging into golds and reds, those people who want permanent leafy decorations for any purpose, from parties to Harvest Festivals, should try the following plan. Take a large, fully foliaged branch of beech or oak, in the golden or red stage, and lay it very flat between two sheets of newspaper, being careful to prevent any of the leaves from folding back or crushing. Pin the newspaper sheets rather closely all round and place the packet carefully under a drugget, hall rug, or even a carpet, which is in daily use. The more the drugget is walked on the better. In about a week, when the packet is unfolded, there will be revealed a beautiful dried branch of leaves, perfectly fresh in colour as though just gathered, but without the least tendency to shrivel, break, or even to shed its leaves. I have done several of these branches myself, always with the best results, and find that they usually last fresh-looking for about a year. Bracken in the brown stage is particularly successful, and sprays of red creeper and tinted ivy so treated come in really useful, afterwards, as winter table-decorations.

[Note.—*After our issue of October 15th this feature will be transferred to* Mrs. Bull.]

Sozodont

An absolute necessity for good health—sound teeth.

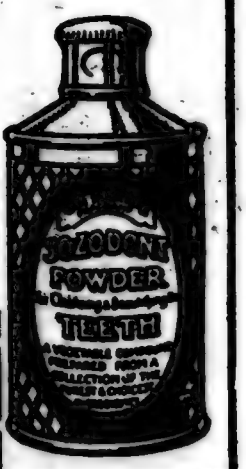
And they add to your appearance.

To be sound the teeth must be clean. Not merely clean to look at—hygienically clean.

The morning and evening use of Sozodont ensures hygienically clean teeth. A minute's brush — Sozodont will do the rest. And it is so pleasant a task.

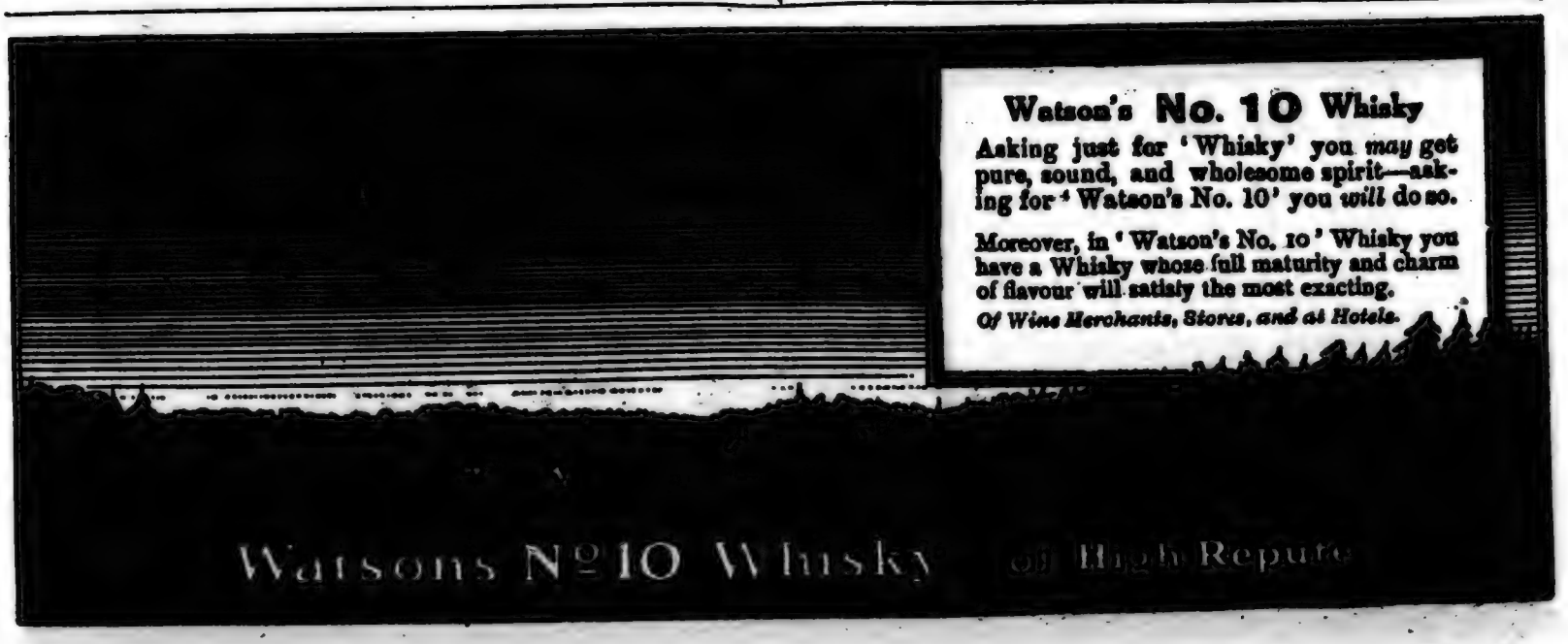
Sozodont is in three forms —powder, liquid and paste, each equally effective. Try the powder first, it meets the requirements of most people. **In 6d. and 1/- sizes.** From Chemists, Druggists and Stores.

Trial sample and name and address of chemist sent free on receipt of penny stamp.



PER 6D. TIN

A. H. HILL & RUCKEL,
London—94, HOLBORN, E.C.
Manchester—111 CORPORATION ST.


Watson's No. 10 Whisky
Asking just for 'Whisky' you may get pure, sound, and wholesome spirit—asking for 'Watson's No. 10' you will do so.
Moreover, in 'Watson's No. 10' Whisky you have a Whisky whose full maturity and charm of flavour will satisfy the most exacting.
Of Wine Merchants, Stores, and at Hotels.
Watsons No 10 Whisky
of High Repute

A REVOLUTION
IN MUSIC PUBLISHING

The publishing of "The Strand Musical Portfolio of Copyright Songs and Music" inaugurates a sensational era in the world of music. Never before have these copyright songs been obtainable for less than **One Shilling and Sixpence each.** In Part I. of "The Strand Musical Portfolio" there are two copyright songs and three fine pieces of copyright music! **7/6 worth of music for 7d.!!**

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STRAND MUSICAL PORTFOLIO.
Copyright Songs and Music only

"The Strand Musical Portfolio" will be published in about 20 fortnightly numbers. Each part entirely complete. Absolutely perfect, full music size, well printed on excellent paper.

7/6 Worth of Copyright Songs and Music FOR 7d.

Another attraction in "The Strand Musical Portfolio" will be the appearance in certain parts of valuable informative articles by eminent singers and musicians, including

MADAME CLARA BUTT ("How to Sing a Song," in Part I.)

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The Celebrated Intermezzo from	"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"	*Pietro Mascagni*
Song	"WHISPER AND I SHALL HEAR"	*M. Piccolomini*
Waltz	"THE MOUNTAINEERS" (from the popular Comic Opera)	*Reginald Somerville*
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And a Valuable and Interesting Article—

"HOW TO SING A SONG" By Madame CLARA BUTT

PART ONE NOW ON SALE
At all Newsagents and Bookstalls. Price 7d. net

Each or any part may be obtained for 9d. post free from
GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 3-13, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President—Horatio Bottomley, Esq., M.P.

Objects: To stamp out Cant and Self-Righteousness; to abolish Cranks and Killjoys; to create a robust and self-reliant Public Opinion; and to promote a Common Sense, Business Government for a Common Sense, Business People.

BRANCH REPORTS.

Birmingham.—The autumn campaign was inaugurated by a most enthusiastic and crowded meeting at the Public Hall, Erdington, on Monday evening. A capital musical programme was provided, Mr. F. Beor, who sang the John Bull League song, meeting with deserved success, as did Madame Knowles, Mr. J. Nicholson, Mr. S. Albert and Mr. B. Forss, the latter's character sketches from Dickens being highly appreciated. Messrs. Pathé Freres' great Concert Pathéphone rendered several vocal and instrumental items—including the John Bull League Song, by Leo Stormont—which were enthusiastically applauded. The General Secretary attended and dealt briefly with the objects of the League, and the Central Secretary of the Birmingham District, Mr. C. L. Kay, gave a general idea of the work and organisation of the League in Birmingham. The outcome of the meeting was a very gratifying increase of membership, and regular weekly meetings have been arranged in the various districts comprised in the Birmingham area, full particulars of which will be announced in due course.

Leicester.—The first open meeting of this Branch will take place on Wednesday, October 12th, at the Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate, when Dr. W. McAllister Hewlings will preside. Further particulars will be announced in next week's issue.

Walsall.—Steps are being taken to inaugurate this Branch, and the Hon. Local Secretary, Mr. Frank Levinge, of 40, West Bromwich Street, Walsall, will be glad to hear from members who will be willing to serve on the Local Committee.

Hartlepools.—A general meeting will be held in the Villiers Hall, Villiers Street, to-morrow (Friday), when the chair will be taken by Mr. J. Brough, at 8 p.m. Members and friends are cordially invited.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Will members kindly note that a General Meeting will be held at the Hotspur Hotel, Haymarket, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Wednesday, October 6th, at 7.45 p.m., when Mr. Wherly, Chairman of the Branch, will preside? As usual, the proceedings will be followed by a concert.

Southampton.—It is hoped to form an influential Branch here, and, with this object in view, members on the Local Register are requested to communicate with the Honorary Local Secretary, Mr. H. Venton, of 25, Castle Street, Southampton, who is about to convene a meeting for the purpose of formally inaugurating the Branch.

Will any Honorary Steward at the recent Gama-Zbysco match who has not yet returned his rosette to the General Secretary kindly do so?

(*For Coupon see Page 512.*)

PROVINCIAL PECULIARITIES.

SOME OF THE FUNNY LITTLE WAYS OF VARIOUS TOWNS.

One of our readers sends us the following summary of the present state of the law relating to the opening of public-houses and shops in various parts of the country:—

Scotland.—All pubs shut at 10, no one allowed to live on premises; where a shop sells provisions as well as liquors, you may purchase intoxicating drink up till 10, but after 8 you can't buy a loaf.

Halifax.—After 8 in the evening you may purchase pork, but not beef or mutton, although it's sold in the same shop.

Wednesbury.—On Saturdays you cannot get your hair cut, although they shave. "We don't cut hair Saturdays, only shave." (Question, what are whiskers?)

Grimsby.—A general shop may only sell tobacco on Sunday, unless it pays a special licence.

Boscombe.—It is evidently considered sacrilege to run cars on Sunday, but the parson and my Lord Tom Noddy may bowl along in their carriages. Oh, etc., etc.!

"WAIT AND SEE!"
What will *MRS. BULL* be like? everyone is asking.
WE SHALL SOON KNOW NOW.
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25th IS THE DAY.

A Question of Fact.

Merit is not a question of assertion, but of fact. Will you buy a foreign shaving stick on the strength of assertion, or will you test the

BRITISH AND BEST

and buy it upon the strength of proved fact?

Erasmic SHAVING STICK

Sample Stick, 2d. Stamps. Money refunded if not satisfied. WHAT COULD BE FAIRER.

The Erasmic Co., Ltd. (Dept. K), Warrington.

AN IDEAL INVESTMENT.

Investment without risk is the ideal which every investor aims at. It is difficult, however, to know where investment begins and speculation leaves off, for all commodities and securities are governed by the law of supply and demand, Is there an investment which is not subject to the varying factors which cause ordinary securities to fluctuate? Yes. There is one security which, despite dear money, bad trade, and the ravages of war, never varies in value. We refer to the Lotisico policies issued by the First Dutch Insurance Company, Ltd., 46, Cannon Street, London, E.C. While the policy is always an investment, it offers great chances of profit without risk. The principle that the Company adopts is to issue policies, the numbers of which correspond with the numbers of the tickets in a Netherlands State Lottery. If a lottery ticket wins a prize the number of the policy corresponding with the ticket also receives the same amount of profit. But the holder of a Lotisico policy is in an immeasurably better position than the holder of a ticket, for supposing the ticket does not draw a prize it is absolutely valueless, whereas the policy is still worth its face value and continues to be interested in all future drawings, until profits amounting to £1,000 have been paid. While the element of luck enters into the draw, it must not, however, be forgotten that the principal of the policy is always intact, and even if no profit is due at the first time of asking, holders need not bewail their temporary disappointment, for policies are allowed to "try and try again." Further, the holders are not squeezed out supposing they experience financial misfortune, for the company is willing to advance up to 75 per cent. of the face value of the policy, and then the holder remains entitled to the amount of the profit that may be drawn. A surrender value is furthermore attached to the policies. Under the circumstances the Lotisico policy is an ideal investment, carrying with it the chances of great gain. The First Dutch Insurance Company, Ltd., has deposited with one of the leading London Joint Stock Banks a sum of £20,000 in securities, so our readers may be assured that if they are fortunate enough to have their modest investment returned a hundred fold they need not worry about the money being forthcoming at the due date.—[Advt.]

JOHN BULL'S OPPORTUNITY

Cut out, fill in, and pin this and your postal order for 8/6 to your letter, and **MAIL TO-DAY.**

You will receive by return post a pair of all-leather Boots for 8/6 which you could not buy in any shop for 12/6.

If, when you receive the boots, you are not more than satisfied, all you have to do is to return them to us with a note saying—"I do not like the boots, please refund my 8/6 in full." We guarantee to immediately send a postal order value 8/6 to you.

Readers of "John Bull" may be interested to know, however, that not one purchaser in a thousand ever asks for the return of cash. So extraordinary is the value of our goods.

COUPON.

"John Bull," 1/10/10.

W. BARRATT & Co., Ltd.

I herewith deposit 8/6, for one pair of "Footshape" Boots No.....
Size..... Width.....
It is clearly understood that if I am not satisfied I will return the boots, and you will return my 8/6 in full.

Name.....

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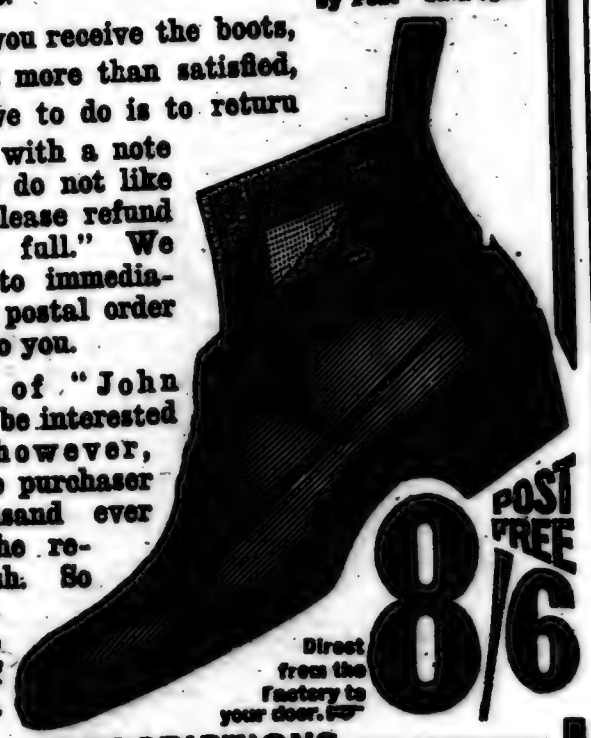
(Pin this Coupon to your letter.)

If this is not the style of Boot that you require, send 2d. (cost of Postage only) for our Beautifully Illustrated 128 page "Boots by Post" Catalogue.



POST FREE 8/6

Direct from the Factory to your door.

DESCRIPTIONS.

No. 1617.—BOX CALF BOOT, 8/6.—Splendid Box Calf Uppers, straight golosh, no outside seam, unbreakable jockey back, toecapped (as illustrated), best linen lined, specially selected, hard wearing solid leather sole, sewn. Best make and finish throughout.

No. 1717.—GLACE KID BOOT, 8/6.—Exactly same style and quality as above, but slightly lighter in weight.

No. 1417.—BROWN WILLOW CALF, 8/6.—A magnificent boot. Rich nut-brown shade and warranted real "Willow" Calf.

THE "BARRATT" SYSTEM OF SIZES AND WIDTHS.

GENTLEMEN'S "Footshape" Boots are made in eight different sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12, 1/- extra). Each size is made in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide).

When ordering, simply state size and width required—or send an old boot—or draw an outline of your stockinged foot on a sheet of paper.

W. BARRATT & CO., Ltd.,

The World's Leading "Boots-by-Post" Specialists.

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With or call—

OVERCOAT APPEARANCE

counts for much. It is the last garment to be put on and the first to be seen and commented on. Wear a "McKinley" built overcoat, and you can have the utmost confidence in your appearance. Style, character, and exceptional quality of material and workmanship belong to the "McKinley" garments. Yet the "McKinley" prices compare favourably anywhere.

Overcoats (to measure) 21/-, 25/- & 30/-
Suits " 25/-, 30/- & 35/-

No extras. Genuine Scotch and English Materials. Correct West End Styles. We refund your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

Send a post card to-day for "Booklet B," our splendid range of Free Patterns, Fashion Plates, Self-measurement Chart and Tape Measure.

C. & G. McKINLEY Tailoring Specialists & Men's Wear Experts

Sample Dept.: 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

I WAS A

HEAVY DRINKER

Consumed quart of whisky every 24 hours

CURED IN 3 DAYS.

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE BOOK, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I did not hesitate to pawn my coat or break a public-house window to get spirits. For long periods I drank over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily. And some mixed drinks and beer additionally!

I damaged business, health, and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends, and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the publicans, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me. For 18 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a joyful message for drinkers and

MOTHERS, WIVES, SISTERS.

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true cure. It was (and is) genuine. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored. I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee, and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased. I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well, and I recovered from other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL.

My cure lasted three days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has no will power while drinking. I rejoiced so greatly at having found a true cure that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvellous. During eight years I have personally attended to over 8,000 men and women who were addicted to drink; the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. If I were permitted to mention names of all who have been saved through this quick, permanent cure the public would be astonished. They include public officials, great lawyers, bankers, clergymen, noted merchants, skilled mechanics, trusted managers and clerks, farmers and others in all vocations.

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to cure the drunkard. I rejoice in every cure, each victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for either steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and permanent home cure between Friday night and Monday night—or any other 72 hours!

Men or Women, Any Age, Quickly Cured.

To relatives, friends, or employers I say—If you want to cure a drinker in the quickest time and permanently, with or without his knowledge, and with absolute safety, read my book—changes despair to joy.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, post paid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery, and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments or remedies which have no lasting effect. Remember, it costs nothing, and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Cut this out if you cannot write to-day. Address:

EDWARD J. WOODS (Room 306), 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

Sarah Bernhardt and Oswald Stoll.

First appearance of Sarah Bernhardt on the variety stage of the London Coliseum! Think of it! Why it is bound to be talked about in years to come as one of the most memorable, extraordinary, and in point of fact notable events ever recorded in the great volume of music-hall history.

Again I say, think of it! Here is the grandest of all actresses of our time—one who has had no comparison, let alone a rival—since she first electrified and astounded Paris, and then conquered England with the supreme power of her art, and dominating influence—an actress who has swayed and commanded the attention of millions in almost every country throughout the world—an actress whose exquisitely modulated and *trainante* voice can still bring tears to cold dry eyes, and "shivers to the tingling stars," an actress whose equal neither you nor I are likely to see, for she simply doesn't exist—forsaking the throne of the legitimate stage she has adorned so gloriously—consenting to "top the bill" and become the star "turn" at a leading theatre of varieties. What a triumph for the music-halls!

Whether Sarah has been wise in selecting the second act of "L'Aiglon," from Edmond Rostand's pathetic drama, beautiful as its verse may be, in which to make her *debut* at the halls, is quite another affair. If I had to choose from the Bernhardt repertory I should plump for the scene from the Buddhist poem-play "Izeyl," where in the gorgeous palace, twined with ropes of roses, Prince Sindia comes, and Sarah, snatching a dagger from her belt, defends herself crying out in those never-to-be-forgotten tones:

"C'est bien moi; je le garde.
Faites un pas vers la porte, un seul, entends tu bien?
Et je te tue ici, sans pitié, comme un chien.
Qui veut de mon baiser? Je m'appelle la Mort!"

Then plunging the weapon into the death-doomed man, he falls like a log at her feet. It is a better acting scene than even the one from "Floria Tosca," and that is good enough.

But no matter. What I want to know is this: How are the music-hall managers going to show their appreciation of Oswald Stoll for having been cute enough to persuade Sarah Bernhardt to appear at the Coliseum? There is no getting away from it that by so doing he has raised the position of the variety hall to the proud level of the theatre, and no amount of pushing now can ever send it back again.

With characteristic determination, Mr. Stoll started out to accomplish what most of us would have deemed a fruitless task. That he has achieved his purpose is marvellous. But having attained his object, how is he going to be rewarded for his pains?

"The Man From the Sea."

Novelist first, and dramatist afterwards, William J. Locke invariably misses—but only just, mind you, which makes matters all the more aggravating—"getting there" with his plays.

"The Man From the Sea" is no exception to the rule, although the story is good, most of the people possible, and much of the dialogue breezy. But, alas! wild moments of fantastic talk interlard the new comedy at the Queen's Theatre, and occasionally strike such a discordant sound that it is hard to dissect the writer's true meaning, and discriminate between the real and the sham.

How can you be convinced that honest Jan Redlander, "The Man From the Sea," in reality loves so preachy, bigoted and priggish a little "Village Madam" as Marion Lee? She is a young widow, cursed with an ever overflowing tide of *conscience*, who *au fond*—if there is any *fond* to so shallow a nature—is made of no better stuff than Daphne, the poor suffering soul. Marion says it is her duty to interrogate with such merciless severity, that you ache to jump up and shout, as Sir Peter Teazle did to the mealy-mouthed Joseph, "Oh, d—— your sentiments."

In the hands of a less capable artist than Miss Nina Boucicault I tremble as to what manner of creature this mass of pious fraud would have been made. And oh! if Mr. Locke would but weed out a portion of the hyperbole that drops in solid chunks from the lips of "The Man From the Sea."

Jan Redlander tricks his sweetheart into the belief that he has a wife already, but she is hopelessly insane. I don't wonder at it, if he talked to her as he does to others. It's a mean thing to do anyway, for he extracts a promise from Marion that as she can't marry him she will live with him, thus placing his lady-love in precisely the same position as Daphne. She, too, is merely "keeping house together" with a doctor she cannot wed, for she has a husband already, but he is in gaol. According to hearsay, it is his proper place, for he seems to have given her a devil of a time.

Miss Beryl Faber leaves you unmoved and careless as to her ultimate fate; she is not emotional enough for a character of the Daphne pattern.

The best acting comes from Robert Loraine, as Jan Redlander, notwithstanding the extravagant speeches he has to make; from Vane-Tempest as "Pontifex Pye"; Arthur Lewis as the grey-haired "Dean"; and Nina Boucicault as "Marion Lee."

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

(New Autumn and Winter Number.)

DO ENGLISHMEN DRESS WELL ENOUGH?

THE ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO MEN'S FASHIONS THAT LONDON MEN CONSULT.

THE FINEST GUIDE TO MEN'S FASHIONS EVER PUBLISHED.

In order to dress really well a man must have some knowledge of what the fashions of the season are.

For doing this there is nothing half so good as that admirable quarterly publication, "Fashions for Men," whose editor is recognised as the leading authority on masculine modes in this country.

The Autumn number of "Fashions for Men" is just out, and in point of size, number of illustrations, and general interest, value and variety of its contents it beats all records.

No better Magazine than this can be placed in the hands of any man who wishes to dress well at little expense.

Compare these two men. The one is well-dressed in perfectly-fitting Rego clothes of fashionable West End cut, and can command success in all his undertakings. The other looks, feels and is a "failure" in life's race.

To-day every reader of this paper has the opportunity of learning how to dress well and smartly at less than the cost of clothes that now handicap the wearer. Call at any of the following addresses for a complimentary copy of the newly-published Autumn and Winter number of "Fashions for Men." Readers resident outside London have only to send name and address to 122, Cheapside, E.C., Chief City Branch of the "Rego Tailors," to obtain a gratis copy by return post.

Here are no fewer than 32 pages containing everything you require to know about the very latest things in suits, overcoats, motor-coats, driving-coats, dress clothes and winter wear of every kind.

Here are no fewer than 16 full-page plates, illustrative of all the latest fashions in men's clothing. These plates show all those little but all-important alterations in detail which make all the difference between clothes "in the fashion" and clothes "out of date."

And although its published price is 3d., yet special arrangements have now been made by which you, as a reader of John Bull, can obtain a copy of the new Autumn number of "Fashions for Men" free of charge.

Some idea of its value and interest may be gathered from the fact that amongst the articles it contains are the following:—

All This with 16 Splendid Full-Page Plates of the Latest Fashionable Men's Clothes Free to You.

- The Changes in Masculine Attire.
- The Points to Note in Choosing Your New Suit.
- The New Rego Frock Overcoat, "The Cheapside."
- The New Rego "Olympic" Overcoat.
- The New Rego "Vanderbilt" Melton Coat.
- The New Rego "Richmond" Semi-Motor Overcoat.
- The New Rego "Brooklands" Overcoat.
- The New Rego "Knightsbridge" Raincoat.
- The New Rego "Holborn" Dress Suit.
- The New Rego "Savoy" Frock Coat.
- The New Rego "Piccadilly" Morning Coat.
- The New Rego "Hyde Park" Lounge Suit.
- The New Rego "Brighton" Double-Breasted Coat.
- Good Overcoat Advice.
- Selling Two Suits for the Price of One.
- How to Obtain West End Cut Clothes—by Post and to Measure.

By securing the magazine you will in future be able to dress as fashionably and well as the army officer in mufti or the West End clubman.

How to Get Two Suits or Two Overcoats for the Price of One.

"Fashions for Men" tells you how you can obtain two suits or two overcoats for the price you now give for one not nearly so good.

"Fashions for Men" tells you how you can have as your tailor the greatest Cutter in London, and yet spend less money on your clothes than you do now.

WRITE OR CALL FOR A FREE COPY.

It will be sent you gratis and post free. Just drop a postcard with your name and address to G. W. Rosenberg, Dept. M., 122, Cheapside, London, E.C. (the great Clothes Centre, just opened for all well-dressed City Men), or call personally, either there or at one or the other 16 London Rego Tailoring Centres, and a copy of the new issue of "Fashions for Men" will be sent or given you gratis and post free.

Even though you live in the Provinces write for this free book just as though you lived in London. In such cases you can order your clothes through the post and yet be certain of an absolutely perfect fit.

G. W. ROSENBERG,

(REGO CLOTHIERS, LTD.)

BRANCHES.

LONDON, E.C.—122, Cheapside (New City Headquarters).
LONDON, W.C.—259, High Holborn.
LONDON, W.—229, Regent's Road.
LONDON, N.—225, Pentonville Road.
BRIXTON.—18, Atlantic Road.
CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—27, St. John's Rd.
PUTNEY.—31, High Street.
DEPTFORD.—3, Broadway.
RICHMOND.—69, George Street.
WALTHAMSTOW.—14, The Broadway.
HAMMERSMITH.—169, King Street.
KING'S CROSS.—49, Caledonian Road.
CAMDEN TOWN.—183, High Street.
HIGHGATE.—691, Holloway Road.
FINSBURY PARK.—259, Seven Sisters Road.
ALDGATE.—19-23, Aldgate.

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THE PILL WITH A RECORD

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"A Combination of Costly Tonics and Nerve Foods ensuring wonderful strength and endurance."

A Scientific Cure for **Neurasthenia, Mental Exhaustion, Brain Fag, Weak Heart, Want of Nerve and Confidence, Harassing Dreams, Loss of Memory, Backache, Dyspepsia, General Weakness,** and most disorders due to a deficiency of the Vital Forces.

ZEDEX re-invigorates the Brain and Nervous System, re-vitalises every function of the body and gives a sensation of physical fitness and mental alertness, whilst its restorative effects are permanent.

DR. KIRBY, says: "Impossible to conceive anything more perfectly adapted for the cure of Loss of Nerve Power than Zedex."

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Chief-Constable of Police writes.—"Zedex is the finest tonic I have ever tried."

ZEDEX arouses all the dormant energies, develops muscular or nerve life, feeds weak muscles with rich strength-producing blood, whilst it increases the nourishing power of your food Advice free.

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Don't Wear a Truss

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STUART'S PLASTER-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial Treatment absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TO-DAY. Address—

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Sold everywhere in patent pin-stopper tubes. 2d. & 6d. each.

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Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough, by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure**, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. [*Mention this Magazine.*

INSTANT RELIEF.

WAR DECLARED.

Marvellous Scientific Discovery Makes Possible the Extraction of Life-Force From Animals.

POWERFUL CAMPAIGN INAUGURATED AGAINST DISEASE BY THE USE OF HEALTH-ENERGY SECURED IN THIS MANNER.

Life-force extracted from animals and supplied to human beings as a cure for illness. This is the essence of a discovery made by Prof. Brown-Sequard, F.R.S. and F.R.C.P. (Lond.), LL.D. (Cambridge).

Reinforce the human body's power of disease resistance and it will expel Rheumatism as quickly and as easily as it expels the most simple cold.

Furnish the Nerves with natural potent vibratory nerve force, taken from an animal, and Neurasthenia or Nervousness disappears as if by magic.

Increase in numbers the disease fighting blood corpuscles (the phagocytes) and every ailment which has its origin in the blood is banished.

These are the principles upon which is based the method of curing disease which Professor Brown-Sequard explained in a paper read to the **Paris Biological Society.**

According to leading doctors, knowledge of the Professor's discovery placed in the hands of the public literally amounts to a declaration of war on disease.

MEDAL FROM LONDON ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

STARTLING CURES.

The health-energy used is extracted in the form of a serum which has been named Sequarine in honour of the discoverer. This serum has already been declared by specialists in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, to be a more radical remedy than any hitherto known. The most obstinate chronic illness yielded readily to treatment with it. The following are some of the diistinguished doctors who tested Sequarine with almost incredible results:—

Prof. G. von Hirsch (Physician-in-Ordinary to H.M. the Czar), quickly cured cases of *Anæmia* and *Neurasthenia* with it.

Dr. Mariett, of Vienna, cured *Diabetes* with Sequarine.

Dr. Yazikoff cured a well-known Moscow Bishop (aged 84) of a long-standing case of *General Weakness* by the use of the Serum.

Prof. Eulenberg, of Vienna, cured *Incipient Paralysis* with it.

Prof. Richter, of Berlin, Prof. Goizet, of Paris, and Dr. Lavin, of St. Petersburg, reported Sequarine to be a cure for *Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Scrofula, Gout, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Lung Inflammation, Diabetes, Locomotor-Ataxy, Lost Vitality, Wasting Diseases,* and *Functional Weakness* of any kind.

After these men reported so favourably on Sequarine the *London Royal College of Physicians* awarded the Baly Medal to Prof. Brown-Sequard, who was also honoured with degrees by *Cambridge University,* the *University of Paris* and *Harvard University of America.*

HOW THE TREATMENT IS TAKEN.

Sequarine is a cure for any ailment which produces a weakness of the whole organism. Many members of the nobility have already begun to use it on the advice of their physicians.

The serum is prepared in two forms. One form is for injection under the skin. This is for patients who prefer to take the treatment under the direct supervision of a doctor. The second form is for taking by way of the mouth—like an ordinary medicine. The latter form is very convenient for self treatment, which may be taken in the privacy of home.

AN INVITATION TO THE ILL.

Anyone desirous of knowing more about the Sequarine Serum Treatment should send for the Sequarine Book which is being distributed free to the British public. This book contains the story of the discovery of Sequarine, divulges the secret of its composition ($C_2 H_5 N_1$) and gives descriptions of the ailments for which this serum has been found to be a cure. It is filled from cover to cover with startling new matter of great practical value alike to the ordinary reader, the physician, and the student.

The ailing are specially invited to send for this Book on Serum treatment. It contains information which if acted upon will surely mean a restoration to perfect health. A copy will be sent gratis and post free to any inquirer.

If you cannot call personally, write to-day for the Sequarine Book. Simply send name and address (*Please write distinctly*) to C. Richter and Co., Manufacturing Chemists. 61. New Oxford Street. London. W.C.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Won't no Botha mean some bother in South Africa?
Would a Kitchener at the War Office make it too hot for some of them?
Are the frescoes presented by the Peers to the Commons a peace-offering?
Isn't conscription a "practical certainty"?
Is "The Eternal Question" settled?
Will aviation become a popular form of theatrical advertising?
Isn't "The Chuckle-at Soldier" what folk are calling it?
Don't they now call it the "Bad State Railway" in France?
Isn't the perfect grocer the one who serves you the proper weight?
If Form Four goes to Court, won't that prove it's fees-ability?
Isn't it a very Savage Club just now?

We have authority for stating that the adder killed by Lloyd George was not a victim of Form Four.

"The A.B.C. About Collecting" has been published. We can give it in three words—"Always Be Careful."

The Kaiser is a firm opponent of female suffrage. Well, he knows his countrywomen better than we do.

"Mixed Bathing in the Thames," we read. Very mixed, we should think.

The Colchester dredgeman who turned schoolmaster went from dredging to drudging.

The strike of gravediggers at Pere Lachaise put people in a hole by keeping them out of one.

"If you want your hair cut on Sundays you ought to cut it yourself," says Canon Ottley. Does he cook his own dinner?

A ghost, known as the "Yellow Man," has appeared in the French Chamber of Deputies. Our own Parliament is haunted by the "Yellow Press."

A draper in the Bankruptcy Court was stated to have 10,000 debtors. Not much to his credit.

"A Good Thing in *Punch*," we read. Then the day of miracles is not past.

Rita Leggiero is the name of a ballet-dancer. A sort of leggy-heroine, we imagine.

"A Night of the Garter," a new sketch is called. The chief character is doubtless a "limb."

"Mr. Dew's Duties," a headline says. We hope he will "dew" them.

The burglar who was caught in a chimney near Roscommon is now suffering from the 'flu.

Asked if he pleaded guilty, a Willesden prisoner replied, "As innocent as Nature." A non-committal answer.

Two mummies have reached Liverpool from the States. No kid!

Rockefeller, who is taking whisky baths for his health, can claim that he is now often in good spirits.

Two men named Gamble and Wager were fined at Islington for playing pitch-and-toss. What's the odds?

"Even to draw breath must pall in the long run," says Mr. L. T. Bagnall. It even appals, if the run be too long.

Could a party of ladies "yacht" alone? asks the *Queen*. Most girls have been skippers.

It is now possible to insure against wet holidays. Many would like a policy against a rainy day.

"Flattery makes friends," says Mr. W. H. Garrett. Yes; but it is rarely the other way about.

The Lewisham shoemaker who closed his shop, as he was "getting married to-day," may possibly have to "shut up" often in future.

Horlick's Malted Milk Cocoa.

Special Free Sample Offer to Readers.

For Growing Children, Dyspeptics, Brain Workers, Aged People and Invalids.

Upon receipt of letter or postcard, the Manufacturers of Horlick's Malted Milk Cocoa, Victoria Works, Watford, Herts, will be pleased to forward a Sample of this ideal Family Food Beverage, so that all readers of this publication can fully test its merits. Sold by all chemists and stores in 6d., 9d., and 1/6 tins.

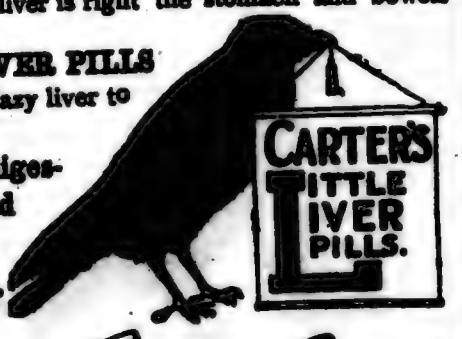
Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cure **Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after eating.**

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.



GENUINE must bear signature *Brent Good*

Great Success of Our Special Autumn Offer.

Our 3 Guinea "Wetresista" Raincoat, offered as a special inducement to "John Bull" readers at 35/- is meeting with a big demand.

If you want a coat that will really keep out the heaviest rain, and still retain its shape, have a "Wetresista." The "Wetresista" is beautifully light, smart and comfortable, made without rubber, and cut in the latest 1911 style.

"WET RESISTA" TRADE MARK

Sample Coat sent carriage paid, to any part of England, and money returned if not approved. Simply send along length of Coat desired, also chest measurement over vest, and state what colour preferred.

Special Aquatic Display in Windows this Week.

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Telegrams: "WETRESISTA, London." Facing Shaftesbury Avenue. 'Phone: Gerrard, 4003.

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There is a mellowness and a smoothness about

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which make it so much the most pleasing lager obtainable. And the materials are selected with such judgment and the brewing conducted with such care that it is also much the purest and most healthy.

Order to-day from your Wine Merchant or Licensed Grocer. Try Peter Walker Family Ale or Peter Walker Dietetic Stout.

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining our Beers, write to PETER WALKER & SON (Warrington & Burton), LTD., 41, 43 & 45 Pancras Road, London, N.W., or 105 Duke Street, Liverpool.

London Telephone No.: 2175 North.

Ask for a "SMALL PETER" at any high-class bar

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GENUINE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

High-class Modern and Antique Furniture, at Exceptionally Low Prices, for Cash or by Gradual Payments.

PURCHASED FROM VARIOUS PRIVATE SOURCES.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—At the suggestion of many of our customers, we have decided to open a second-hand department, which will be carried on at our premises, 15 to 23, Southampton Row, and also at our extensive warehouse, pending other arrangements.

Please take note that we, the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., do not run this department as a so-called depository, but as a branch of our own business, and under our own name.

The great demand that there is for good and genuine second-hand furniture, and the knowledge that we can supply same is our reason for opening this fresh department.

MIDLAND FURNISHING CO., LTD., Second-hand Department. Amongst the goods for sale are:—5 solid oak armchairs with rush seats and finished antique colour, 18s. 6d. each (worth double); drawing-room suite, consisting of large settee, two very large easy chairs and four small chairs, covered with very handsome tapestry, £8 8s. (worth £16 16s.); very handsome 3-piece drawing-room suite, consisting of double drop end Chesterfield, large size divan easy chair and large wing ditto, upholstered in Rose du Barry colour tapestry, £8 8s. (worth £18 18s.); 5-piece French drawing-room suite with gilt frames and upholstered in silk tapestry, £18 18s. (worth £40); 6-ft. mahogany Sheraton-style bedroom suite, comprising wardrobe with two large plate-glass doors, drawers and cupboards in centre, large dressing table, washstand and three cane-seat chairs, £28 18s. 6d. (worth £40); very handsome dining-room suite, solid oak frames and upholstered in Morocco, comprising:—Stuff-over couch, two large easy chairs and six upholstered back small chairs, £15 15s. (worth £40); very handsome walnut settee with rush seat, £3 3s. (worth £6 6s.); mahogany occasional table, Chippendale style, with six legs, £1 10s.; mahogany occasional table, with eight legs, very handsome; £1 10s; mahogany occasional table, Chippendale style, with six legs; £1 5s.; very large oak bookcase, with drawers and cupboard below and fitted leaded lights in doors above, £7 17s. 6d. (worth £11 11s.); 7-piece drawing-room suite, Louis style, comprising large settee, two large easy chairs and four small chairs, upholstered in blue silk tapestry, £9 9s. (worth £14 14s.); very large oak settle, finished antique, £3 3s. (worth £6 6s.); pair bronze figures, 10s. 6d.; very large and handsome oak hall-stand, with seat fitted in centre, £6 6s. (worth £10 10s.); ditto, ditto, £6 6s. (worth £10 10s.); 4-ft. fumed oak wardrobe, with large bevelled plate door, £4 17s. 6d. (worth £7 7s.); dressing chest with bevelled plate and side glasses, washstand with marble top and tiled back, polished Chippendale colour, £5 5s. pair; 6-ft. mahogany Sheraton style bedroom suite, comprising wardrobe, with two large bevelled plate doors, drawers and cupboard in centre, large dressing-table with landscape glass attached, washstand with marble top and back, and three cane-seat chairs, £37 10s. (worth £60); dressing chest with landscape mirror and side reflecting mirrors, washstand, marble top and back with towel rails attached, polished Chippendale colour, £6 6s. (worth £12); 4 ft. 6 in. oak sideboard with long bevelled mirror to back, fitted drawers and cupboards under, £5 5s.; satin walnut gent.'s wardrobe, fitted for hanging in top part and drawers under, a bargain, £6 16s. 6d.; 4-ft. bedroom suite, polished Chippendale colour; comprising wardrobe, dressing chest with side reflecting mirrors, washstand and two cane-seat chairs, £17 17s. (worth £25); very large wing divan easy chair, upholstered in green corded velvet, £4 4s. (cost £10 10s.).

We allow 5 per cent. discount for cash, but if you do not wish to pay ready money, you may take advantage of our well-known Gradual Payment System, and have the payments spread over one, two or three years, without one halfpenny extra charge or added interest whatsoever. No deposit is required.

This is an advantage that the so-called depositories cannot and will not give.

THE MIDLAND FURNISHING Co., Ltd.,

15, 17, 19, 21 & 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

We buy second-hand furniture to any extent. Catalogues are now ready.

All country orders are packed free and carriage paid.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of enquiries received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only those of general interest will be noticed. *The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "bizzes" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and artists submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded. But will endeavour to return unaccepted work when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose. All matter submitted must be original unless otherwise stated.

The Editor cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, etc., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.

Mr. A. W. Gamage (of Holborn), the well-known athletic outfitter, writes taking strong exception to the use of his name and initials by an individual carrying on a football gamble at Flushing, Holland. We quite agree with his denunciation of the person referred to, and, if only for the sake of their pockets, backers should fight shy of "A. W. Gamage," *of Flushing*, as individuals who purloin names—are not likely to be more scrupulous regarding tangible property.

"Polite Letter Writers."—In view of the fact that we find, upon enquiry, that most of the writers of these epistles are in the habit of using names and addresses other than their own, we shall in future withhold any kind of identification, other than that of the names—real or assumed—upon them.

C. S. (Hammersmith).—Your letter—together with others similarly received—will be answered in *Mrs. Bull*, the subject being more one for her attention. Will other correspondents please note?

A. D. W. (Folkestone).—Why the Heliogobalus should we apologise for saying the King of Italy is a mean little man? *Did* we say it?

"Yeoman" (Ipswich) writes: "Jim should know a bit about sheep. Silly bird! But he is not old enough to have been on the sheep's back that Jacob ringstreaked."

"Constant Reader" says you can work ten days a week, because in certain trades a fixed number of hours are styled a day. But that does not make the statement less absurd. You may call a shilling a pound, as the Scots do, but it will not go further than twelve pence for a' that.

"Puffins" (Birmingham) complains of Barlow & Titt (Bookmakers, Camelford Street, Marine Parade, Brighton). Has he been "sucked in"?

"Repeater."—An entrée is what we call a "made dish," and is nearly related to a kickshaw.

Mrs. A. D. (S. Tottenham).—"Not only dead, but doomed"! Disraeli said something stronger than that about Protection.

"A Dental Surgeon" complains that his profession is under medical bondage, and that doctors take away the living of chemists also. But we have heard of chemists making money out of doctors' prescriptions. And we have feared or hated dentists ever since we were young.

F. W. G. (Upper Norwood) makes fun of the spelling of a trade newspaper, and wants us to do "somethink" for it. We don't think.

A. H. P. (Idol Lane) wants advice about going to the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases (Welbeck Street).

B. W. (Enfield Highway) informs us that "goodness won't get a man to Heaven," and that "the five foolish virgins were churchgoers and chapelgoers." We are far from denying this, but we wish "B. W." would give us his authority for the existence of churches and chapels in those days.

"A Daughter of the Realm" writes: "Bold Knight-Errant that you are, fearless and just, let me seek to move you to use your whip to lift your strong arm for a righteous cause and flagellate without mercy the long-firm picture-dealing frauds of the present day and their tools—the auctioneers!" All right, but we must have facts as well as flattery. Meanwhile, may we mention that we can still raise our elbow without the assistance of a whip?

E. H. L. (Alexandria).—We are not experts on range-finding apparatus, but the captain evidently was. Why not offer your invention to the Mullah?

"Discourse" (Boscombe) argues that, as Paradise is a British possession, purveyors of Swedish matches will be excluded. This is an assumption of Tariff Reform up there, and anyhow, there are to be no matches or giving in marriage among the Celestials.

T. B. (Kensal Rise) asks: "Is it fair that Protestant parents shall be obliged to send their girls to Romish Convents for examination?" He is alluding to Oxford Local Examinations, where we should not think there was much opportunity for propaganda.

C. D. (Maldon) is a barber. He is very angry with a Nonconformist minister who refused to pay 2d. for having his beard trimmed. Better cut him in future.

E. A. (Camberwell).—If you had travelled in missionary-ridden lands, you would know that prudent persons never engage native "converts." As to your cant about the "appeal" of the heathen for light, it reminds us of that alleged offer from the Colonies.

W. K. (Droitwich).—Your story about the Scotsman who missed his last train on Saturday night and did not know there were Sunday trains in England, is a good one. But your postscript was even better: "Don't know if you give anything for special items." You soon will, if all your items are like that. Oh! Lord, how we laughed. Talk of cracking sides!

"Boscombeite."—We have pulled Mr. T. Ormerod's nose for confusing Britannia with Gaul. But it is a long time since he was at school.

"Sugar" (Chiswick) wants to know of a good cock-and-hen club. What about the Bath?

P. R. (Stockport) suggests that half the stores of war material should be relegated to the Isle of Man. This idea may raise Caine.

Mrs. A. G. (Fulham) wants us to take up the cause of "injured horses that are allowed to lie in the streets for so long in their misery." She says the Dumb Friends' League ambulances are dilatory.

"One of the Flock" wants the Rev. G. E. Weeks to be made a bishop. That does not sound as if the flock wanted to retain him. We will issue our *congé d'élire*.

"A Darwin Victim" says railway companies put up speed boards, but punish drivers who do not make up lost time.

C. W. W. (Fitzroy Square) says that practically no one in the grocery trade belongs to a trades union. Why is that?

H. McM. (West Croydon) tells of a letter posted on March 15 and only returned through the Dead-letter Office on May 11. But that is not a record of Post Office lethargy.

T. C. (Birkenhead).—We must not reveal secrets of State.

"Abracadabra" (Calais) wants to know what churches are the most northerly and southerly, which have the highest elevation, which are deepest underground and which are the most remote from civilisation; also whether any ships or railway carriages have been turned into places of worship. Why not ask a missionary?

(Continued on page 538.)

KEEP DRY
in an
"OMNE TEMPUS"
THE REAL RAINCOAT.
The only Rubberless Raincoat with a Guarantee.

"If your 'Omne Tempus' fails to keep out the rain, we will take it back."

This guarantee appears on a label hanging from every "Omne Tempus" coat; in this respect "Omne Tempus" is unique. Moreover, it is not a cold and clammy linen-like fabric, but a comfortable close-woven tweed suitable for present weather—to all appearances an ordinary coating.

If you cannot call and see "Omne Tempus" ranges, we should like to send you patterns and a copy of our book "*Something New under the Rain*"; also a selection of coats if desired.

Ready for wear 45/- or to measure.

Solely obtainable from
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Ltd.
65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., or their Country Agents.
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Ladies' Omne Tempus, 42/-; Boys' or Girls' from 25/6.

1333
Lotus are British

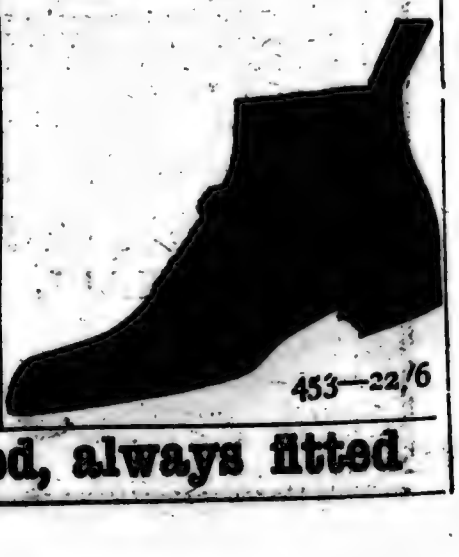
THE occasion for emphasizing that Lotus are British arises from many people thinking they are somehow or other American. Solely on this account a gentleman quite recently discontinued the wear of Lotus, and persuaded his wife and daughters to do the same. It is difficult to understand how this erroneous idea has obtained currency, but it does seem necessary to publish the fact that Lotus is entirely a British enterprise.

Lotus boots for men are made in Northampton, Lotus for women in Stafford, and supplied by more than 560 agents in London and the Provinces. 21 styles for men and 33 for women. Write for catalogue and address of local agent. Address: LOTUS, STAFFORD.

For Ladies.

86—17/9

For Men.



453—22/6

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What to Buy. What to Sell.

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in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a bottle—and drink half a tumbler on arising.

NATURAL Aperient Water

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Get a RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLE and your boys will find their greatest pleasure in playing Billiards at Home. RILEY'S MINIATURE TABLES are built to any size, yet always give the correct full-size table game. RILEY'S Billiard Tables to place on your own dining table cost from £9 7s. 6d. upwards. The 6ft. 4in. size, £6 5s., is suitable for most rooms. RILEY'S Combined Dining and Billiard Tables are easily converted, and most convenient from £13 12s. Cash or Easy Payments. These prices include all accessories. Carriage paid to nearest railway station. *FREE* on receipt of postcard full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables.

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"MASTA" PIPE

cannot burn your tongue, *cannot* fill your mouth or the pipe-bowl with moisture or nicotine. The "Masta" patent prevents all that. Everybody can enjoy a "Masta" even if they cannot smoke an ordinary pipe.

Made of best selected briar.

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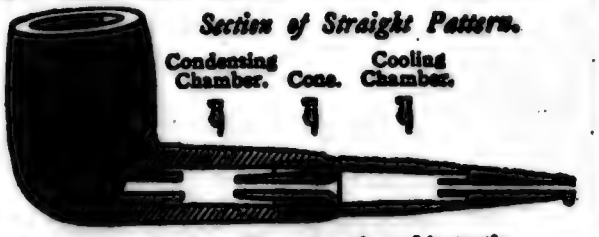

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MASTA PIPE CO. (Dept. 9) 153 FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

USE "NUGGET"

POLISHES BLACK and BROWN

"DOUBLE LIFE BOOTS"

F. G. C. (Manor Park) and others tell us that General Booth *did* once sell intoxicating liquors, namely, when he acquired the Old Grecian Theatre, and was compelled to hold the licence of the "Eagle" for a time. What a lucky thing for him Lloyd George was not Chancellor! We must not, however, in the circumstances, blame the General.

S. H. W. (Blackpool) wishes to know our "politics and religion." If he will tell us what he means by the phrase we will do our best to give him an answer. From the form of the question, however, it would appear that he regards politics in the same light as religious creed, and that he would be quite unable to understand us if we said that our politics consisted of doing the best we can for the good of the community.

With reference to our paragraph about the waitresses at Moorgate Street Cabin, the Secretary of Cabins, Ltd., assures us that the facts were very much exaggerated. He says there is a manageress and ten assistants—six of the latter having been there for periods ranging from four to twelve years—whilst the manageress has occupied that position for fifteen years. The girls are required to be ready for work between 8.30 and 9 o'clock, and are supposed to have had their breakfast before they come; at 11.30 they have bread-and-butter and coffee—as much as they want, within reason; at 3 o'clock they have lunch, consisting of the same food as supplied to the public, and they go home about 7 o'clock. Their pay is from 5s. to 6s. a week, but their tips are supposed to average from 15s. to 20s.

W. H. L. (Brighton) and others, offer to give us the name and address of the perpetrator of that recent pun about Crippen's brandy-and-seltzer. But what we want is, the man's head!

Councillor George Scott (Camberwell) writes thanking us for our plain speaking to the Killjoy element on the Camberwell Borough Council. He forwards a copy of a London daily newspaper, horribly mutilated by the blotting out of certain portions of news not approved of by the ever-righteous puritans. The goody-goodies are not confined to one party on the council, but are nearly equally divided. He hopes our "Open Letter" will bring them to their senses.

"Worcestershire" (Bordon Camp).—Although a deserter now obtains a free pardon, any kit which he has lost by his conduct he must make good.

W. I. (New Southgate).—If the Chelsea Commissioners decide that it would not be for a man's benefit to allow him to commute his pension, their decision is final.

H. H. L. (Wallingford).—We are *not* "anxious that Mrs. Booth-Clibborn should be in the holding of the Salvation Army again." What we are urging is, that the General should alleviate his daughter's physical sufferings.

J. C. (Paddock Wood) gives us a graphic description of the sufferings of hoppers. He says they go to farms with hardly enough money to keep themselves for a day, and the owners are afraid to let them have anything on account. They only get 1½d. a bushel, or twelve bushels a shilling, it taking nearly a whole day's work to earn that amount. The lodging accommodation is, he says, simply disgusting, there being eight or nine persons to share a tin house, without a door. We are afraid it is an old story.

E. J. (Bramley) tells of a recent discussion over our revelations regarding the damage of Naval stores. He says that "any metal broker will pay, at present, 4s. per ton more for common cast-iron broken than unbroken. It does not cost a shilling a ton to break it." Then why doesn't he buy it complete and break it himself?

E. G. (Bristol) gives his experiences of the "National Home Employment Association," which coincide with those detailed in our issue of September 17th. He says he believes the firm sell the lantern-slides at 2s. per dozen, and, from practical experience, calculates their profit on one transaction to be 3s. 6d. Had he sent the further 2s. 3d. for new glasses, he reckons they would have made an additional 2s.

T. P. (Letchworth) says the Garden City officials threaten to cut off the water supply of wasteful tenants. In that case they will have to go in for licences, after all.

A. S. (Ilkeston).—If you obtain receipts for rent from your wife, you can be reinstated on the Parliamentary register.

"Deceitful" (Birmingham).—Of course, we have heard it suggested that Edward VII. was a Roman Catholic. But then we hear such funny things.

C. S. (York) is dissatisfied with George Dawson, Turf Accountant, Queen's Chambers, Kidderminster.

H. C. (Folkestone) says that encouragement is given to blackguards at Epsom and other race-courses, but that they are supervised at Lingfield. He wants to impose restrictions on betting, but we do not see why the poor man should not stake his shilling when the rich man can bet in gold. Surely the police could be trained to stop rowdyism.

"Ales" (West Malling).—At a rough guess, a seven shilling gold piece should be worth about a moidore. There would certainly be some change out of a ducat.

"Docker" asks what is the status of the New Era Club (67, Curzon Street).

K. D. (Chiswick).—We suppose it was a jester who put up the notice: "Why pay rent? B. C——, contractor for removals. Plain vans." But we can understand that local landlords did not see the joke at once.

J. S. (Glasgow) complains of the cry "Man overboard" being used in the case of a lady! But there was probably no time for nice distinctions of sex. Besides, "man" usually embraces "woman," both in law and grammar. Is "J. S." a militant suffragette?

J. C. C. (S. Bermondsey) jeers at a parson for putting up a notice: "Business carried on as usual during alterations. Come inside and see." But if he chooses to regard his work as a business, that is his look-out.

R. G. T. (Williton) had a rendezvous with his two brothers recently, one travelling from Gloucester and the other from Taunton, and when they met it transpired that each had brought with him a copy of John Bull, for the purpose of showing it to the others.

T. W. G. M. (Johannesburg) tells us we are going very strongly out there, being usually sold out within a few hours of the arrival of the mail.

G. T. (Liverpool) complains that the "Climax" Hand Fire Extinguisher Co., of Manchester, owe him a sovereign. Why not sue them in the county court? Then they can state their defence, if they have one.

L. C. S. (London, E.) wants us to take up the case of a Jewish butcher who was prosecuted four times in Russia on the charge of poisoning the family of a police official. But we have no means of verifying the facts. Nor do we approve of poisoning as a pastime or profession.

"Irishman" (Warwick) asks whether German bands are employed on British warships. Who has been pulling his leg?

F. K. (Bayswater) wants quotations from Shakespeare containing the words "hat" and "cap." We will consult Frank Harris, but we fancy Shakespeare's cap had bells, and we know he sometimes talked through his hat.

F. L. O. (Streatham) sends us an advertisement of a "second-hand dining-room suite; suit boy 11." It is certainly a sign of precocity to set up house at that early age.

R. A. B. (Camberwell) says he has become possessed of some startling information about the action of the aristocracy in 1547 and 1558. Why did he keep it to himself so long? He might have avoided our campaign against the marquesses.

We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies, but we hope during the next few weeks to work off many arrears.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A Well Known Authority Sends a Sample of a Famous Method Free to All.

We will send free to anyone who is ruptured, or knows of any person ruptured, a free trial of our famous home cure. It is a marvellous method, curing cases that defied hospitals, doctors, trusses, electricity and all else. Merely send your name and address, and the free trial will be sent without any cost to you whatever. Mr. R. Wharton, 52, Domestic Street, Holbeck, Leeds, was ruptured seven years, tried all kinds of trusses, partly made up his mind to undergo the danger of an operation, when, by the greatest of good luck, he tried the Rice method. He is cured, **and has worn no truss for over six years.**

MR. R. WHARTON.

Mr. Wharton says:—"I tried the Rice method, and it cured me. I had been ruptured seven years and tried all kinds of trusses with no benefit. I am doing all I can to persuade every ruptured person to try this method, which I think is worth its weight in gold."

Every ruptured person ought to send at once and make a trial of this method. It has cured thousands of people without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's loss of time. Begin now, and in a short time you will forget you have been ruptured. Do not fail to send in this Coupon to-day.

COUPON (B 1101).

Cut out and post to **WM. S. RICE, Ltd., 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.**

Time Ruptured?.....*Age?*.....

Right, left, or both sides, or navel?.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

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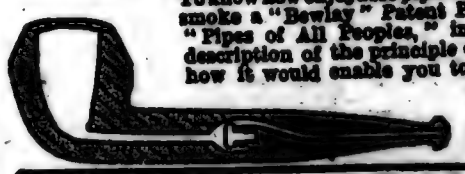
WHY SMOKING IS INJURIOUS.

It is known that Turkish Cigarettes are mostly made from tobacco blended with Suluk, which is impregnated with opium, and consequently the head and the throat suffer considerable irritation owing to this drug. An eminent firm now guarantee their Turkish Cigarettes to be entirely free from Suluk, and offers 100 of their "Fez" Cigarettes (equivalent in value to 4s.) for 2s. 6d. Arrangements have been made with all the leading tobacconists to stock this brand in boxes of 10, 20, 50, and 100, so as to meet the convenience of all.

The name of Messrs. Poulides and Co., 7, Goring Street, Bevis Marks, London, should be a guarantee of good faith, and an innovation of this kind should meet with unqualified success. A postal order for 2s. 6d. addressed direct to this firm will ensure the free despatch of 100 "Fez" Cigarettes by return, in the event of the local tobacconists being out of stock. [Advt.

A free book for smokers



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RACING CAN BE MADE TO PAY!

Those sportsmen who consistently follow "GALE'S SPECIAL" have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing its information to be the most reliable and exclusive ever placed within reach of the sporting public, for it proves beyond all doubt that "Racing can be made to pay." The paper is published every Monday evening, and the current issue will be sent post free on receipt of ONE SHILLING, and in order to secure new subscribers NEXT SATURDAY'S TWO-HORSE WIRE, FREE OF CHARGE, will be sent to all sportsmen remitting SEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE for "GALE'S SPECIAL" to the end of the season: this will also include all private letters sent out.

The intelligence contained in "GALE'S SPECIAL" is super-excellent, its reliability is unquestionable, and its consistency is sufficiently authenticated by its record this season, and the spontaneous congratulations received from thousands of good sportsmen.

"GALE'S SPECIAL" has some exclusive and important intelligence for its readers regarding the

CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE,

and is confident of naming the winners for these events. "The Winning Post" for August 20th said:—"Mr. B. T. Gale, who has been on the turf for 40 years, is an authority on racing matters, and his information is sound." Such a testimonial is indisputable and unassailable.

Last year "GALE'S SPECIAL" went right out for

SUBMIT FOR THE CESAREWITCH

AND

CHRISTMAS DAISY FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE,

and that is the kind of information upon which the reputation of the paper has been founded.

During the past few weeks the following selections have been sent out on "Tattersall's Ring Wires":—

August 24th—LOUVIGNY	Won.
August 25th—Greenback	Lost.
August 26th—Centaur Filly	Second
August 27th—Baker's Boy	Lost.
August 29th—WAHDEN COLT	Won.
August 30th—Lady Jones Filly	Second.
August 31st—PURLEIGH	Won.
September 1st—BORROW	Won.
September 2nd—Canonite	Lost.
September 3rd—HAIR TRIGGER II.	Won.
September 6th—PIETRI	Won.
September 7th—DAME D'OR COLT	Won.
September 8th—DALNACRAG	Won.
September 9th—Rosedrop	Second.
September 10th—BATON LAD	Won.
September 12th—ROBBER	Won.
September 13th—SYCE	Won.
September 14th—Lady Frederick II.	Second.
September 15th—SUCCOUR	Won.
September 16th—Oliver Goldsmith	Third.
September 17th—SEAFORTH	Won.

WHAT A RECORD OF CONSISTENCY! WHAT A MONUMENT OF RELIABILITY! For this service of wires our usual charges are TWELVE GUARANTEED WINNERS for £10, but in order that we may secure new friends and subscribers we have decided to make a SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF THIS PAPER. "JOHN BULL" has a circulation of more than half-a-million copies, and is probably read by a million sportsmen, amongst whom there must be many keen racing men who play the great game for profit. To each one of these mentioning "JOHN BULL" we will send

TWELVE WINNERS FOR FIVE POUNDS.	A SERIES OF TWELVE GUARANTEED WINNERS FOR FIVE POUNDS.	TWELVE WINNERS FOR FIVE POUNDS.

By benefiting subscribers, we benefit ourselves, as we rely for our popularity upon your recommendation to your sporting friends. Lose no time, as this offer is made for a short period only, and by remitting early you will assure a sensational long-priced winner for Saturday next.

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J. C. MASCARENHAS, Ph.D., F.C.S., K.S.B., Analytical Consulting Chemist, 27-28, King William St., E.C. *June, 1910*

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Hair Tonic

Restores gloss and brilliancy—stops hair falling—nourishes and strengthens the roots—removes dandruff—positively makes the hair grow—is a beneficial and pleasant dressing for daily use.

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Two kinds: Greasy for dry and brittle hair; Non-greasy for greasy hair.

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post free **1/- & 2/9**

Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut. Golden, Light Golden.

In plain package.

If you wish to restore your grey or faded hairs to their natural colour, send us a clipping of your hair where it is not yet grey or faded—and we will match the stain exactly to it.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Maggie*" *of* The Globe.)

No Credit.

No one is trusted in Belgian racing, a condition of the races being that the amount of the entrance money or the highest forfeit *must* accompany the entry or it will not be accepted.

Race Cards!

If executives object to allow everybody to obtain race cards to sell apart from the course itself, there should certainly be some arrangement made whereby the cards are obtainable at the different railway termini, so as to give one an opportunity of seeing "what's running" on the way down.

Prophetic.

Two days of Newmarket, and then one modest one—Alexandra Park. There is no gainsaying now the horse was fancied at Yarmouth, so I believe Royal Escort capable of winning the Welter to-day (Thursday), and would not overlook Dark Dinah in Friday's Bretby Handicap. At Alexandra Park, too, Berenice might take the Sprint Handicap, whilst as regards the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, my opinion is that the long race rests entirely between the two favourites,

Pure Gem and Bronzino,

and I would place them in that order. As the second part of a double,

Electra and Halcyon

are my ideas, but the former may have run whilst these notes are in the press. She is obviously bound to be prominent in the Cambridgeshire, whilst on all his form Halcyon promises to be a second Land League. As an anomaly, although thoroughly believing in Bronzino for the Cesarewitch, I would not take ANY price about him in the companion event, which is much too short a course and sharp a race for the big chestnut.

GENTLEMEN interested in
HORSE RACING OR FOOTBALL
are requested to write to:

MR. A. H. WESTWOOD,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND,
asking for a copy of
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the latest edition of which has been recently published. It contains a mine of information in connection with Horse Racing, and also a copy of the terms upon which he is prepared to do business.

Place betting is paid when the Favourite starts at odds on. Instructions may be posted on day of race.

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RUFUS WEBB
TOTALISATOR,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

Just a few Recent Prices paid by RUFUS WEBB'S "TOTE":—Pavola 9/2, Lady Radcar 12/1, Melayr 2/1, Ostrali 47/2, Kiel 7/4, Persism 33/2, Pride of Lothair 27/1, Coolock 33/2, Jaquetta 37/2, Melotol 4/1.

Highest Sporting and Bankers' References.

WRITE TO DAY for Rules 1d. Postcard will do.

Send a deposit to-day—Large or Small, it doesn't matter. But DO IT TO-DAY, it will pay you.

"JOHN BULL" says in Answer to Correspondent: "Rufus Webb Totalisator Co., Middelburg, Holland. (A. F., Highbury).—Our enquiries re above were highly satisfactory, otherwise the advertisement would not have appeared in our columns. If you win, your money is safe—in many cases considerably over official S.P. prices have been paid." Rufus Webb results are published daily in *The Sportsman, Manchester Sporting Chronicle, Sheffield Daily Telegraph, Leeds Mercury and principal provincial Newspapers.*

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EXPRESS.—"The thing will be straight." GLOBE.—"Colossal odds." MORNING POST.—"An enviable reputation for straightforward dealings." IRISH INDEPENDENT.—"Numerous clientele are sharing in the good luck." YORK'S EVENING NEWS.—"Better than Starting Prices."

Some TOTE prices for the week ending September 17th KILLIECRANKIE 21; LADY RACHEL 3; S.S. 11/2; SAINT MAC 27/2; SCARLET RUNNER 13; GLENGONNA 12; PRIDE OF LOTHAIR 24; KYA LASS 15; RUAPUNA 20/2; RECKLESS 57/2; LADY SAINT 12; BLACKSTONE 100/7.

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Established 1900. Praised by Larry Lynx of "People," "John Bull," "Sporting Life," &c. The "Racing World" says: "A remarkable run of big successes." For One Week we will send for 7/6 by "letter" the "Big Gun" for the Duke of York Stakes, the "Pea" for the Cesarewitch, and the BIG BUSINESS BET for the Cambridgeshire. Also a BIG 50/1 double for next Wednesday. One-Horse wires £1 for 5, or 10 Guaranteed Winners for £1 15s., or 5 "double" event wires £1 15s. Above letter will also be sent "free" to wire patrons.

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For example, LAST SEASON THE WINNINGS from March to November averaged OVER £10 PER DAY, or NEARLY £2,000 FOR THE FLAT-RACING SEASON and this with the use of only £6 of capital! Isn't it MARVELLOUS?

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If you follow Allen's instructions regularly and he fails to provide you with a regular income each season from your winnings he will return your money in full, without any deduction whatever for his own telegraphic and other out-of-pocket expenses.

A second's thought will show you that such a bold promise is undeniable proof of the genuineness of his claim.

He has never yet had occasion to return a Client's money under the terms of this Assurance.

Send your name and address (which will be kept strictly private), together with the words "JOHN BULL" on a post-card, and he will then send you in PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE 28 page copyright descriptive booklet containing full particulars, Press notices, copies of testimonials, and a COMPLETE LIST OF SELECTIONS for 1909, also 1910 successes.

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Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—

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" 6 " " 6 " "
" 12 " " 7 " "

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Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

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A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

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" 2	"	5	"	"	15	to	2	
" 3	"	6	"	"	23	to	2	
" 4	"	7	"	"	23	to	1	
" 5	"	8	"	"	56	to	1	
" 6	"	10	"	and	1	away	Paid	15 to 2
" 7	"	3	"	"	1	"	"	21 to 2
" 8	"	4	"	"	1	"	"	19 to 1
" 9	"	5	"	"	1	"	"	22 to 1
" 10	"	6	"	"	1	"	"	45 to 1
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